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THE AUTUMN MILITARY MANŒUVRES: RECONNOITRING PARTY RETREATING BEFORE THE ENEMY.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is curious how the notion that competitive examinations keep good officers out of the army is constantly cropping up. It is possible that in some cases they do so, and the persons excluded no doubt regret that the old system of nominations is no longer in vogue; but the victims are few in number, and plenty of young officers can be got without them. It is even suggested that a want of ordinary intelligence presupposes a certain fitness for the military profession, just as an invincible ignorance of common things in certain Government offices is always held to imply "administrative capacity." The inability to spell correctly is generally put forth as an example of this. A youth who spells lieutenant with an *f* is supposed to be thereby born for high command. Of course, some otherwise intelligent persons have been bad spellers, but the vast majority of stupid people spell worse. A friend of mine who has had a great practical experience as a military examiner tells me that as a rule the more intelligent the candidate the stronger and more active he is physically. "If you were to make one of the necessary subjects for examination," he says, "the raising of weights with the teeth, the man who had the best brains would, as a rule, be found to have the strongest teeth."

Talking of teeth, a New York newspaper which has the credit of having developed the use of head-lines to perfection the other day outdid itself. "The President's Health—Alarming Reports Current—A Serious Surgical Operation Performed on Board a Yacht—A Great Mental Strain—What is the Disease?" What, indeed! No mortal could ever guess. As a matter of fact, the President had had two teeth out. There are two columns about it; one for each tooth!

There really seems a chance that the absurd custom of wearing wigs will be abolished in our law courts. It is one of the things that when it is abolished mankind will wonder how it could ever have endured so long. It is probably the recent hot summer which will have the credit of putting an end to it. At the same time barristers' wigs must be allowed to be becoming. They came in company with the full-bottomed wigs from France after the Restoration, and, Mr. Croake James tells us in his "Curiosities of Law," were frowned upon by the judges as "coxcombical." As the judges then wore their coifs, which they now don only to pass sentence of death, they naturally felt themselves at a disadvantage. The invention by which wigs appear to be powdered when they are not so was also stoutly resisted, and Justice Allan Park absolutely refused to recognise his own son at the Bar when thus attired. Lord Denman told Charles Sumner, when he visited this country, "The wig was the silliest thing in England"; but all his brethren on the Bench seem to have differed from him. It is said that Erskine without his wig talked in a *gauche* and foolish way, but in it "so that you felt you could trust your life and fortune to his hands." It seems probable that our judges will wear their wigs after our barristers have ceased to do so—and not without reason, so far as criminal trials are concerned, for there is no doubt that the appearance of the occupants of the Bench in their robes and wigs very much impresses the lower classes, and so far assists the administration of justice. Our adjurations and interjections respecting wigs, it is true, are of a common type, but let us hope—though "Dash my wig and buttons" sounds like the remark of a Queen's Counsel—that they do not refer to judges' wigs. It would be almost as impious as similar references to "the Crown and Sceptre," which (unless, to be sure, in the inn-keeping trade) have escaped this verbal contamination.

A passage in Polybius has been cited to prove that Hannibal wore a wig, but this seems a little doubtful. They were probably invented about the time of the first Roman Emperors, for we are told that Otho had a kind of scalp of fine leather with locks of hair upon it so well arranged as to seem natural. When wigs were introduced into England the clergy inveighed against them as being indecent and unnatural, and even cut their own hair shorter to express their abhorrence of the fashion. "It was observed," however, we are told, "by the more discreet part of the world, that a periwig procured many persons a degree of respect to which they were strangers before, and the judges and physicians thoroughly understood this, and gave their wigs all the advantages of length as well as size." The popularity of the fashion now seems to us inconceivable. Granger mentions a country gentleman who employed a painter to put a number of admirable portraits by Vandyke into perukes.

"All persons," says Sir John Sinclair, in his "Code of Health," "ought to wear a wig after sixty. It is alike excellent for the old, the tender, and the studious." "The invention of wigs," says an old writer, "is of so great use, and saves men so much trouble, that it can never be laid aside; it helps to disguise the thief, to make an ill face tolerable, the tolerable handsome, and to ease the lazy of trouble." On the other hand, a still older writer, Tertullian, bids those who have wigs consider whether they are likely to go to Heaven in such things; moreover, he asks them "how they can be sure that what they are wearing may not

be the hair of some damned person or another." The language of "the fathers" seems to have been vigorous; if one "talked like a father" nowadays it would be considered rude.

A famous journalist has been finding fault with my philology, which is the first intimation I have ever had of my possessing such a thing. In the "Note" complained of I certainly did say that "commence" was universally used by the lower classes instead of "begin," but I merely stated it as a fact without prejudice to the word at all. There is nothing against "commence" so far as I know, except its popularity, which is remarkable. Why should the masses say "It commenced to rain" and the classes "It began to rain"? This I did not attempt to explain; I only said that they do so. To learning I have never made pretence, but as regards the habit of social observation I can give the philologists a pound or two.

With respect to there being no direct "canon fixed against self-slaughter" in the Scriptures, referred to in a recent "Note," a Hebrew scholar points out that the line in Genesis, "And surely your own blood will I require," is generally held to apply to the crime of suicide, which was very much abhorred among the Jews. What strikes him as remarkable in this connection is that Shakspeare speaks of "the Everlasting," by no means an ordinary term for the Creator, but a true Hebrew qualification. "Is it possible," it is suggested, "that he had a more familiar acquaintance with Jews than one would be led to conclude at that period of English history?"

The question "Why do people go to sleep in church?" is being gravely argued in a serious periodical, and the conclusion arrived at is that they are hypnotised. "The subdued light, the hush of silence, the concentration of attention on a single figure present conditions similar to those enforced at spiritualistic séances." It may be so, but, if so, how unjustifiably has youth been treated ever since preaching was invented for giving way to this involuntary weakness! Many a time in the simple village church which I attended in my youth have I been aroused from an attack of this nature by the "swish, swish" of the sexton's cane as he administered punishment to the sleeping Sunday-school boys in the aisle. They sat on forms much exposed to public view and also to the instrument of correction; and very "soothing," as Mr. Pecksniff says, it was to feel that one was in a pew, like the gods above the thunder. What in the aisle was criminal inattention, in the pew—though I was unaware of it at the time—was hypnotism. As I dropped off again (at the words "fourthly, my brethren") a vision recurred to me of my own sufferings when at school. We were a mile from the parish church, but even when it was wet wended our slow way there with our green umbrellas like a double row of caterpillars. In the mornings we were reasonably wakeful, but in the summer afternoons, after our beef and plum-pudding (stickjaw) and a little beer (certainly not given us, as wine is recommended in Holy Writ, "for our stomachs' sake," for it was sour), we were predisposed for slumber. What miseries we then suffered in the attempt to retain our equilibrium on the narrow seat while we felt sleep stealing over us! Presently there was a crash, but, thank Heaven! it was Jones and not ourselves. That gave us a few minutes of wakefulness (thinking of what Jones would get for it), and then our agonies would begin again. Our gallery was directly exposed to the preacher, who was, unfortunately, also our schoolmaster. He prided himself upon his eloquence, and was by no means a St. Paul, as we knew, in the treatment of a Eutychus. And now to think that all that misery was suffered unjustly! I wonder what he would have said (I know what he would have *done*) if we had put forward as an excuse, "Please, Sir, it was hypnotism." The *savant* in question is of opinion that "where priesthood most prevails" this ecclesiastical malady is most marked; it is least so in Dissenting chapels, where the attention (from the breaking up of the service) is more distracted. I can only say, with the memory of what I used to suffer still vivid, that I wish my parents had been Nonconformists. Still, in my unscientific simplicity I cannot but think that the nature and extent of the sermon, and also of the preceding meal of the listener, have something to do with going to sleep in church.

No doubt it makes even a divine exceedingly wrath to find his sermon having a soporific effect on his congregation, but nothing could excuse the rudeness with which a Scotch minister is said to have rebuked his wife for this failing. "Susan," he exclaimed from the pulpit in a voice that awakened her, as it did all the other sleepers, "Susan, I didna marry ye for yer wealth, sin ye had none. And I didna marry ye for yer beauty—that the whole congregation can see. And if ye hae no grace, I hae made a sair bargain in ye indeed."

An organist in a Congregational chapel, upon completing the twenty-fifth year of his service, has been presented with £10, and "also with a complimentary letter." A religious journal, in making favourable comment upon this lavish act of generosity, says that "organists have feelings, and it is well that they should be recognised." An organist whose feelings, one gathers,

have not met with recognition has a word to say about his profession. It seems but a negative patronage that is extended to him all the world over. "Please do not shoot at the organist, he does his best," is, we know, the sort of encouragement he meets with across the Atlantic, and here at home matters are but little better. "Although," says the complainant, "prayers have been offered in this chapel for every one in it (and a great number of people thousands of miles away), never have I heard mention of an organist." I suppose being in a gallery, with the curtains drawn, his presence does not appeal to the spiritual eye.

A correspondent referring to a recent "Note" on the Centrifugal Railway, describing how a can of milk and a cat preceded the human passenger, is reminded of an advertisement of Barnum's, six-and-thirty years ago, concerning the Niagara Falls: "I shall first," he said, "send a huge indiarubber ball down; if that comes out safe I shall try again with a dog inside it; if that comes out safe I will put a nigger in; if that comes out safe I will put a Chinaman in; and if that comes out safe I shall put a man in." It was not "a Chinaman" in the original, but I think it safest, considering the very thin-skinned character of some of our nationalities, to leave the name to be filled up according to the taste and fancy of the reader.

An advertisement in a daily paper addressed "To Ladies" combines business and pleasure in an unusual manner. "To increase income and make money ladies may join a circle"—some persons would call it "a vicious circle"—"now forming to develop the best advantages with minimum risk; beautiful climate and scenery, with Alpine views, and all the attractions of a charming pleasure resort." One had a suspicion that this hinted at Monte Carlo, even before we were subsequently favoured with the prospectus, called "The Venture to Win." A visit of six months "to recruit strength exhausted by literary tension" has suggested this promising scheme, we are told, to the advertiser. "The opportunities are fitful, and require a quick and experienced hand to grasp each opening as it arises"; the hand also wishes to grasp £150 to £200 from each of the members of this "ladies' club," the returns from which will be "equally divided among them less the expenses of organisation."

The worst of American stories (with some exceptions, however) is, it is said, that they are "about nothing," and, indeed, it must be confessed that they are often about very little. The stories are short enough, but they do not spare details, which are dwelt upon at considerable length. A well-known preacher was once commended by Canning for the brevity of his discourse. "Well," said the divine modestly, "I always guard against being tedious." "Oh, but you were tedious," was the uncompromising rejoinder. And it is an observation that often applies to the American short story. In England, of course, this fault is also common enough. A very ordinary type of the Rejected Contributor, who is utterly incapable of imagining a plot, plumes himself on avoiding "all sensational incident": his object, he says, is to write upon the lines of "Cranford" a book, he notes, which has nothing in it of a blood-curdling character. In this, of course, he is quite correct, but it has genius, thanks to which the most commonplace matters are invested with human interest. The English writer who takes such a work for his model is almost always dull. This is, more or less, the case with his Transatlantic cousin, but not so commonly. There is often a quiet pathos and a subtle humour in American short stories which, in English tales of the same description, we do not find. Miss Mary Wilkins is a charming writer of this kind, and the authoress of "John Ward, Preacher," in her "Mr. Tommy Dove and Other Stories," runs her very near. Not that "Tommy" is the best of the stories by any means, though it is the first. The next three are very sad, and the people described especially in "Elizabeth" and "At Whose Door?" too good for human nature's daily food. One may surely be a Quaker and still have some faint conception of how things are going on in the world. It is often so in even the best of New England stories; the extreme simplicity of the characters demands a similar innocence in the reader, which is not always forthcoming. The tale is so unworldly that it strikes him as unlikeliest, though that is far from being the case. "A Fourth-Class Appointment" is, without doubt, the gem of this collection. It is merely a story of an old postmistress and her daughter, who are in danger of having to resign from inefficiency, and how the peril is averted; but it is full of the true "Cranford" delicacy and pathos, with the pleasantest touches of humour. These officials, unlike their kind, wish to be civil and obliging to the public, but "such is the ingratitude of that capricious body that more than one irritated protest is heard in the open space before the delivery window; but, to be sure, such protests only come from the visitors. 'Mr. Hamilton knows that we have to consider the public, but he says *he's* the public, and only here six weeks in the summer!'" When Miss Gedge puts her hands over her face, and murmurs "Oh, William!"—a remark that must be read in its proper place to be properly appreciated—one really does not know whether to laugh or to cry. Though called "A Fourth-class Appointment," it is a first-class story.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The closing days of Parliamentary labour have been signalled by the undaunted devotion of Mr. Gibson Bowles to the cause of personal independence. If King's Lynn has any appreciation of individuality, it will certainly give Mr. Bowles a seat for life. I have admired this Parliamentarian often in the course of the Session, but he has transcended all expectations in the last hours of Supply. Mr. Balfour has gone to North Berwick; Mr. Chamberlain has appeared fitfully on the scene; and officials and ex-officials have shown a relaxation of energy which must seem culpable trifling to the member for King's Lynn. He alone has been equal to every emergency. On the Navy Votes he achieved a distinction which caused a visible disturbance in the blameless soul of Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth. That highly respectable young man was called upon to explain why a French firm had received a contract for projectiles. He said it was because the French were willing to do the work for 33 per cent. less than the lowest English tender. "Does the honourable baronet ask me to believe," demanded Mr. Bowles, "that an English shell costs half as much again as a French shell?" Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth repudiated this arithmetic. "Let me do a simple sum for the honourable baronet," said Mr. Bowles, with the air of a schoolmaster trying to let in a little light upon a particularly obtuse pupil. I cannot say the Admiralty came very well out of this episode, despite the aid of Mr. Mundella, who was very indignant at the charge that he had sacrificed the interests of his constituents in Sheffield. Why had he not diverted to that seat of industry the contract which had gone to the foreigner? He explained that he knew nothing about it till the matter was settled. "Then the right honourable gentleman admits," said the remorseless Bowles, "that he never gave a thought to the welfare of his constituents."

Here was a national humiliation indeed: "You have the British sailor fed with American beef, armed with a German cutlass, and firing French shells!" Mr. Bowles drew this picture of our ignominy with a flowing brush. Where should we be supposing the French Government were to step in and stop the supply of missiles for the British Navy? Unfortunately for Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, he had attempted to persuade the House that the name of the French firm was kept a dead secret lest the French Government should interfere. "Why, I know your precious secret," said Mr. Howard Vincent. "When I was in Paris I learned it from an official." At this the House laughed, and the Treasury Bench looked rather foolish. "This is your boasted secrecy!" cried Bowles the avenger. "*Secret de polichinelle!* If you get into trouble with France, your supply of projectiles will cease, and what will you do then?" This was not the only innings of the Admiralty. Up rose the soldierly form of Major Rasch, who never forgets that he has constituents among the fishermen on the Essex coast. Why did the Admiralty persist in dredging the Medway and then dumping the mud on the fishing ground? Mr. Edmund Robertson, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, was surprised and grieved by such a question. Had he not told the honourable and gallant gentleman over and over again that the Medway must be dredged? It was an imperative duty, no matter what damage (very much exaggerated) might be inflicted on the fishermen by driving away the fish. Here was another occasion for the display of Mr. Bowles's acuteness. Of course they knew the Medway must be dredged, but why unload the mud just where it happened to be the greatest nuisance? Why not carry it out to sea? And Mr. Robertson, like Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, sat dumb before this destroyer of the figments of red tape. They could not withstand the versatile and inexhaustible knowledge of the member for King's Lynn. He discoursed on trawling as successfully as upon projectiles and arithmetic. From such a terrible man the Treasury Bench turned even to Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton with a sigh of relief. Sir William Harcourt must regret that he inflicted on Alpheus Cleophas one of the severest of Parliamentary snubs. Mr. Morton wanted to know whether it was true that the Duke of Fife had travelled by the Queen's special messenger train from Scotland to London without paying his railway fare. Sir William Harcourt said he did not know. Would the right honourable gentleman cause inquiry to be made. "Certainly not, Sir." The idea of the Chancellor of the Exchequer inquiring into such a trumpery matter made Sir William's form swell with wrath. But I suspect that he prefers the public spirit of Mr. Morton to that of Mr. Bowles.

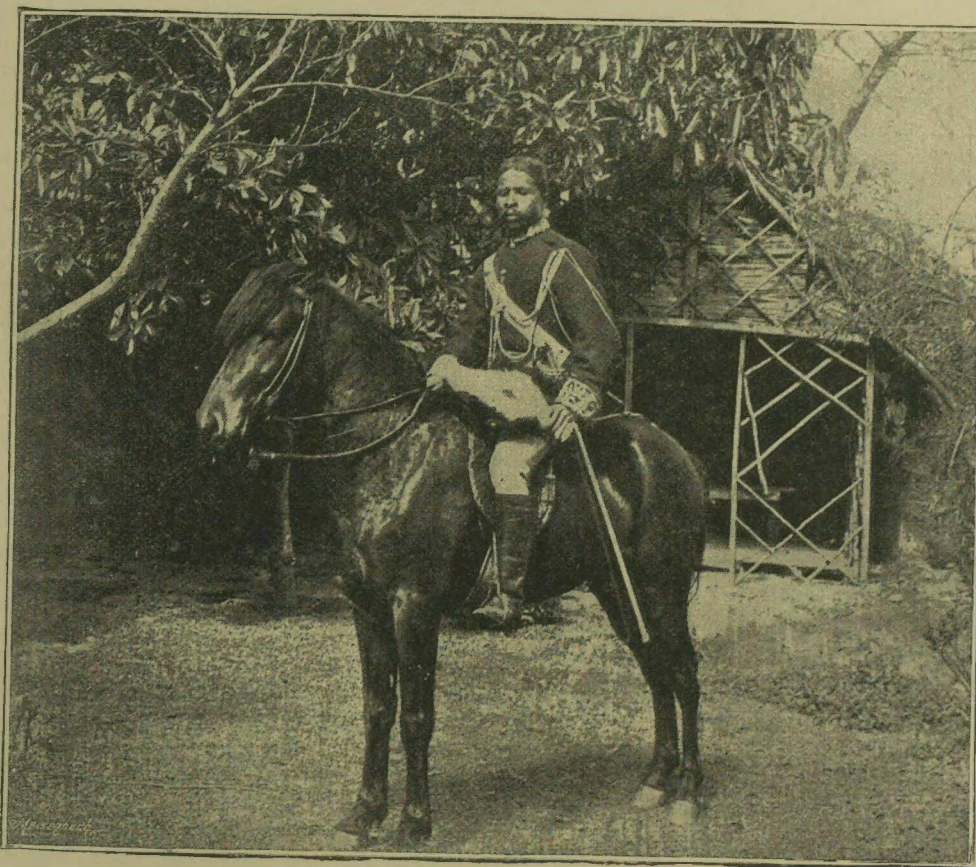
Mr. John Morley has been the most fortunate Minister in Supply, and for the first time the Chief Secretary has seen the Irish Constabulary Vote pass without a violent debate. For some reason the Parnellites abstained from troubling, the Nationalists were placid and smiling, and even the redoubtable Mr. T. W. Russell attuned himself to the general tranquillity. He brought out with some defensiveness the fact that Mr. Morley has suppressed meetings in Ireland. "The new Morley,"

said T. W. in a spirit of genial parody, "is only the old Balfour writ large." Mr. Morley received this suggestion that he was carrying on the policy of coercion with undisguised amusement. When he was asked by Mr. Macartney why the Irish National Board of Education had expunged Archbishop Whately's articles on the British Constitution from a school-book, he read some passages from the Archbishop which showed an entertaining simplicity. For instance, the Irish child was assured that Bills in the House of Commons are never opposed on the first reading, and that every clause is discussed on the second. This was received with general hilarity, and the Chief Secretary beamed through his glasses at Mr. Macartney, who had spent three-quarters of an hour in vindicating Archbishop Whately as a Constitutional historian. This restoration of good humour in the House is most agreeable to the jaded chronicler. I can scarcely believe now that we came one night to a free fight on the floor. The new serenity of temper is due in very great measure to Mr. Balfour, who has won the admiration and esteem of all parties in a most notable degree.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## A POLITICAL CRISIS IN MADAGASCAR.

The Hova kingdom of Madagascar, occupying the greater part of that large island, with its capital city, Antananarivo, in the interior, and its seaport, Tamatave, on the east coast, has for its sovereign her Majesty Queen Ranavalona III., a lady fifty-two years of age, who has reigned ten years; but she was married to her Prime Minister, Rainilairivony, and he was virtually Regent, as he had been



RAJOELINA, SON OF RAINILAIRIVONY, PRIME MINISTER OF MADAGASCAR.

under her predecessor. Under a French Protectorate, there being a French colony on the shores of the bay of Suarez, the Hova nation enjoys domestic self-government, and exercises some control over the Sakalavas, in the west, the Betsileos, the Sakaras, and other numerous races. The Court and ruling classes have adopted Christianity, and the number of Protestant converts, mostly connected with English missions, Independent, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and that of the Society of Friends, is stated to be 350,000, while there are 35,000 Roman Catholics. The London Missionary Society's agents have much influence. It appears that there has been a political crisis in Madagascar, the cause of which is not yet explained, consequent on the death of Rainilairivony; and French papers have published a telegram from Antananarivo announcing the discovery of a conspiracy against the Government. The persons mentioned in this telegram are Rajoelina, youngest son of Rainilairivony, his son, formerly at the Woolwich Military School, and Rajona, his son-in-law, son of Rainiamanipandry, Governor of Tamatave. Mr. A. Kingdon, who is Rajoelina's partner in the working of the gold mines, obtained by him through the Prime Minister, has been imprisoned. A portrait of Rajoelina has been furnished to us. We have no information of the particular charges or the evidence against either him or the other persons named.

## BRAZILIAN INSURGENTS' ATTACK ON RIO.

The populous city of Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, has during the past fortnight been endangered, and its suburbs on the shores of the bay, with the neighbouring town of Niteroy, have suffered the calamities of actual warfare, from the attack of a naval squadron, under Admiral Custodio de Mello, in league with the insurgents of the Rio Grande do Sul, a southern province, seeking by force to overthrow the Government of Marshal

Floriano de Peixoto, President of the Brazilian Republic. The insurgent forces have landed, captured Niteroy and several of the forts, being joined by the garrisons, and it is said that they are in possession of the Arsenal and the Custom-house. Their ships have effectually blockaded the port of Rio, seizing many Brazilian vessels. President Peixoto, with the troops still under his command, has retired to an encampment at Santa Ana, and is expected to make a final stand, if he can retain a portion of the army, in the neighbourhood of Puerto Alegre; but none of the provinces have sent reinforcements to aid in his support. The Rio Grande Revolutionists are combining and mobilising their forces for a final effort to defeat the Government. The report of the desertion of President Peixoto by Bahia, Pernambuco, and the whole of the Rio Grande squadron is fully confirmed. The Brazilian gun-boat stationed at Santos has joined the rebel navy. The fleet now collected by Admiral de Mello in the Bay of Rio consists of thirty vessels, and the city is bombarded at intervals. The garrisons of all the forts in the bay, except Santa Cruz, have declared in favour of the Revolution. It is expected that Santa Cruz will surrender. On Monday, Sept. 18, the city was again bombarded, and the population was in a state of approaching panic. The rebel squadron was attacking the fortified points on the bay shore. The ammunition and provisions for the Santa Cruz garrison had given out; and there were much confusion and lack of discipline in the army, although it was still nominally faithful to President Peixoto. All vessels arriving were kept outside the blockade lines, with the consent of the commanders of the foreign war-ships in the harbour. Part of the cargoes of the new arrivals was purchased and taken on board by Admiral de Mello's squadron. This gave the provisions which they badly needed. The Director of the Naval School refused to obey an order of President Peixoto, which was intended to turn his school into a hospital. The other naval officers ashore have declined the commands offered to them by President Peixoto, declaring that they could not fight against their former commander, Admiral de Mello. The general opinion is that President Peixoto must succumb unless the foreign Powers interfere on his behalf.

Our Illustrations of the ordinary aspects of life in the Brazilian capital, including a view of the principal street, crowded with citizens and people of all classes, among whom are many negroes, are from sketches drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

## BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.

The opening, at Nottingham, on Wednesday, Sept. 13, of the meeting of the British Association of Science was successful; on that day 1600 tickets had been taken. Sir Archibald Geikie retired from the presidency for the ensuing year, leaving it to Dr. J. S. Burdon Sanderson, Professor of Physiology in the University of Oxford. In the evening, at the Albert Hall, the new President delivered his address. Having spoken of the need of public and national aid to scientific researches, he descanted on the origin and scope of the studies of biology, falling into "three divisions more sharply distinguished by their methods than by their subjects"—namely, physiology, of which the methods are entirely experimental; morphology, the science which deals with the forms and structure of plants and animals, and of which it may be said that the body is anatomy, the soul development; and finally oecology, which uses all the knowledge it can obtain from the other two, but chiefly rests on the exploration of the endless varied phenomena of animal and plant life as they manifest themselves under natural conditions. This last branch of biology—the science which concerns itself with the external relations of plants and animals to each other, and to the past and present conditions of their existence—is by far the most attractive, and it represents, more than any other branch of the subject, the philosophy of living nature." Professor Burdon Sanderson's discourse, which was highly suggestive of thought, but addressed rather to scientific minds than to a popular audience, earned a vote of thanks, moved by the Mayor of Nottingham and seconded by the Bishop of Southwell.

On Thursday, Sept. 14, the different sections met at their appointed places, and heard the addresses of their respective presidents—namely, Section A, Mathematics and Physical Science, Mr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S.; Section B, Chemistry and Mineralogy, Professor J. Emerson Reynolds, F.R.S.; Section C, Geology, Mr. J. J. H. Teall, F.R.S.; Section D, Biology, the Rev. Canon H. B. Tristram, F.R.S. (read in his absence by Sir W. Flower); Section E, Geography, Mr. Henry Seebohm; Section F, Economic Science and Statistics, Professor J. Shield Nicholson; Section G, Mechanical Science, Mr. Jeremiah Head, C.E.; and Section H, Anthropology, Dr. Robert Munro, M.D. The reading and discussion of contributed papers in these sections went on, allowing for the Saturday excursions, until they were closed on Tuesday, Sept. 19. There remained only the final meetings and the Thursday excursions. Next year's Congress is to be held at Oxford, at which Lord Salisbury is invited to preside, and that of 1895 at Ipswich.



## THE AUTUMN MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN WILTSHIRE AND BERKSHIRE.

The manœuvres, from Sept. 4 to Sept. 14, of the troops of the Aldershot Division, under command of Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, are now spoken of as "the Idstone manœuvres," from the name of a place, between Ashbury and Bishopstone, nearly on the Roman Icknield Way, south of the Shrivenham station of the Great Western Railway, and on the border of the counties of Berks and Wilts. On Friday, Sept. 15, they ended with a grand muster on Woolstone Down, three or four miles from Uffington, with manœuvres representing one force in retreat and another in pursuit, each having attached to it a brigade of cavalry and six guns of the Horse Artillery. Of the eight working days preceding, Wednesday, Sept. 6, devoted to a tactical exercise of brigade against brigade, afforded a fair sample of these operations. It was supposed, by the general strategic idea, that the invading forces had reached Chippenham, and had passed forward a cavalry division to Liddington with orders to reconnoitre eastward towards the line of the Thames. The home defending forces were supposed to be concentrating in the direction of Goring, and to have sent a cavalry column to Lambourn Downs to keep watch on the hills, as the invaders were sending another body of horsemen up from the south. It was against this demonstration from the south that Colonel Wardrop moved his Uffington brigade, part of the defenders' division, over the Ridgeway to Seven Barrows Downs, where they formed a line of observation about three and a half miles long, from Compton Close nearly down into Lambourn. This was held by the Scots Greys, the 20th Hussars, and the Royal Irish Dragoons. The invaders sent out one brigade from Liddington (Colonel Dickson's four



SCOTS GUARDS EN ROUTE FROM HAGLEY HEATH.



THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.



THE 5TH NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.



BALLOON SECTION OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS ON WHITE HORSE HILL.

regiments) towards Lambourn, where it would touch the left flank of the enemy and endeavour to cut him away from his retreat. While this was going on, the infantry columns camped at Uffington and Ashbury were operating against each other on the Icknield Way, on the northern section of the manœuvring field. General Chapman's Uffington division was, in fact, returning eastward along the ancient route from the west country, pursued by Crealock's brigade, the latter having orders to clear the Icknield in his front up to Ram's Hill, a little eastward of the famous White Horse Hill; but if attacked by superior numbers of the retreating eastern army he was to fall back southward toward Seven Barrows, the district in which the cavalry were also operating. General Crealock had things much his own way for a considerable time, but presently General Chapman brought up his second brigade, which joined the first, already engaged at the Blowing Stone, and forced the fight over the downs southward. The two brigades of General Davies's first division from Liddington were engaged against each other on Lamley Downs, in the Swindon half of the manœuvring ground; so that all three fights were well separated. General Sir Evelyn Wood was out all day giving as much attention as possible to all the operations, but in so wide a field had to leave very much to his subordinate umpires, Major-Generals Lord Methuen and King, with the cavalry umpires, General Keith Fraser and Major-General Sir Baker Russell.

Our Illustrations of several of the different regiments engaged in these manœuvres, and of the balloon company of the Royal Engineers, are supplied by photographs taken by Mr. J. T. Cumming, of Aldershot.





THE BOMBARDMENT OF RIO DE JANEIRO: THE RUA DO OUVIDOR.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, is expected to stay at Balmoral till the middle of November. Lord Rosebery has gone there for a short time as Minister in attendance on her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have arrived there on a visit.

The Prince of Wales is at Abergeldie, and the Duke and Duchess of York at Mar Lodge.

The National Liberal Federation of the Home Counties, on Monday, Sept. 18, held a council meeting to consider the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords. Mr. C. Morley presided in the absence of Lord Carrington, who expressed by letter his sympathy with the object of the meeting, which he understood to be that of protesting against the action of the Upper House in rejecting both the Home Rule Bill and various measures of reform for London. The chairman said that the time not long ago anticipated by Mr. Gladstone had arrived, when the reform of the House of Lords had become a very pressing question. On the motion of Mr. W. O. Clough, M.P., seconded by Mr. F. Maddison, Tottenham, a resolution was carried expressing regret that the House of Lords has continued, with regard to the Home Rule Bill, the "unpatriotic and prejudiced" conduct which had marked its attitude toward great reforms throughout the present century, and declaring that a House of hereditary legislators with such antecedents is a grievous hindrance to good government and ought to be abolished. Subsequently a second resolution was agreed to urging the Government to proceed, in the Session of 1894 as well as in the approaching autumn sittings, with long-delayed British legislation.

The colliery strikes in the Midland counties have not yet ended. On Tuesday, Sept. 19, meetings of colliers took place in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, some specially convened, others gathered informally, and at most of them there was a strong feeling in favour of a return to work where the old rate of wages can be obtained. It is now being urged that in the recent ballot the men did not quite appreciate the question of partial work, and it is thought that a further vote would show a vast majority in favour of that proposition. In Staffordshire and Derbyshire preparations continue for the return of large numbers of men to work. At Sheffield the coalowners have announced their intention of adhering to the course pursued by the Coalowners' Association. Reports from the Derbyshire and other districts show a division in the ranks of the Federation.

The Welsh Land Commission has been holding its inquiry sessions in Carnarvonshire, where a number of witnesses, most of them small tenant-farmers, gave evidence as to their rent having been raised on their improvements or those of their predecessors.

The Indian Opium Commission of Inquiry, on Saturday, Sept. 16, held its last sitting in England, and will meet again on Nov. 15 at Calcutta. Much interesting evidence has been taken; the witnesses heard in this country have been those well acquainted with China, who denounce the use of opium. Letters were read from Sir J. Fayer, M.D., and Sir Hugh Low, both of whom have had long experience in the East, but were unable to attend the Commission personally, to the effect that the excessive use of opium is undoubtedly injurious, but does not prevail to any considerable extent. Sir J. Fayer is of opinion that the crusade against opium, though well meant, is not reasonable. Mr. W. Lockhart, who had been a medical missionary in China, held that the opium habit was decidedly pernicious and injurious when immoderately indulged in; but that alcohol was a much more serious social evil than opium. He thought our Government ought to have nothing to do with the opium traffic.

A conference of ship-joiners employed at the Royal Dockyards was held at New Brompton, Chatham, on Sept. 16. A resolution was passed expressing dissatisfaction with the new dockyard wages scheme of the Admiralty, which was declared to have placed the ship-joiners in a worse position than before, and it was decided to present a petition on the subject.

An alarming railway accident took place on Saturday, Sept. 16. An express train from Paddington ran off the rails in the Box Tunnel, near Bath, on the Great Western Railway, and a local up train from Bristol ran into its locomotive, with the result that several carriages were badly damaged, eight or nine passengers severely injured—two of them dangerously—and the permanent way blocked during the whole of the day.

The race between the Britannia and Navahoe to Cherbourg and back for the Cape May Cup ended on Saturday, Sept. 16, in favour of the Prince of Wales's yacht, with more than half an hour to spare.

The receipts on account of revenue from April 1, 1893, when there was a balance of £5,082,535, to Sept. 16, 1893, were £34,842,058, against £36,301,675 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £6,255,169. The net expenditure was £39,576,549, against £40,189,393 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on Sept. 16, 1893, amounted to £1,363,399, and on the same date in 1892 to £1,702,782.

The thirty-ninth annual report of the Postmaster-General has been issued. It shows an aggregate increase in the number of letters, parcels, &c., delivered in the United Kingdom during the twelve months ending March 31 of 2.5 per cent. The total postal revenue for

the year was £10,344,000, an increase of £161,000. The increase in expenditure was £384,000.

The ex-Empress Eugénie has gone to Scotland on a visit to the Dowager Lady Lansdowne at Meikleour, Perthshire.

The South London Art Gallery at Camberwell will be opened for the lectures and library on Oct. 1, and the Prince of Wales, on Oct. 9, will preside at the formal opening.

Another disaster by fire in a London dwelling-house, attended, like that recently at Hammersmith under similar circumstances, by the loss of five lives, took place early on Tuesday morning, Sept. 19, at 99, High Street, Whitechapel, near the corner of Commercial Road East. It was a large house, with a shop occupied by a German confectioner, Joseph Hermann, a young unmarried man, with an elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Hillsworth, and her daughter, a girl of thirteen, and with two young women, assistants in the shop, and a boy named Frederick Monk. Hermann slept on the second floor, the others on the third floor. At day-break the house was found to be on fire, in a back room on the second floor. The boy, roused by the police outside, gave the alarm to his master, and then escaped from the house. Hermann went up to rescue the women and girls; but the staircase taking fire prevented his return, and he and they were all burnt to death.

The military manoeuvres of the Austro-Hungarian army, held at Güns, in Hungary, in the presence of the German Emperor, the King of Saxony, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and the Duke of Connaught, are on a great scale. The Emperor of Austria arrived there on Sept. 16; next day the Emperor William, the Duke of Connaught, and the King of Saxony arrived. They were received by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Archdukes, Count Kalnoky, the members of the Hungarian Cabinet, and the principal officers of the army. The German Emperor was

caves in a moment. It is feared that very few of the inhabitants can have escaped. When assistance finally reached Villacañas, the authorities set to work drawing off the water from the caves to recover the bodies of the dead, mostly those of women and children. Of the families who survive most are utterly destitute. The storm has done great damage in other parts of the Peninsula. At Salamanca 2000 window-panes were smashed by hailstones, which in some cases weighed over two ounces. Numerous plantations and vineyards in the neighbourhood have been destroyed. Two persons were killed by lightning at Valladolid.

The question of cremation has once more been mooted in Germany by an announcement of the Cremation Society that the civic authorities of Berlin intend to apply to the administrative Courts to decide whether a municipality can legally be forbidden to adopt this practice. Cremation is already practised in Gotha, Hamburg, and Heidelberg, and last year, owing to the cholera epidemic, the municipal authorities of Berlin obtained leave to cremate the bodies of those persons who had to be interred at the public cost, provided that the relations of the deceased raise no objections.

The Paris Committee of the fêtes to be celebrated in honour of the visit of the officers of the Russian Fleet has published a programme, which includes a performance at the Opera with the help of the Comédie Française, a *kermesse* of the French provinces, a banquet, to be followed by a ball organised by the Opera with the support of the *corps de ballet* of the various other Paris theatres, special horse races, gymnastic, cycle, and balloon matches, and a Venetian fête on the Seine, with illuminations of the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars, and a torchlight procession.

M. Janssen telegraphs from the new observatory on the top of Mont Blanc: "The observatory has been erected. The great work is ended. There now remain to be completed only the interior arrangements. It is a success in which everybody did not believe, and which is due to the enthusiasm of our courageous workmen, several of whom remained for twenty days without coming down, and also to the extraordinarily favourable weather in August. The wind-lashes adapted for use on the snow which I put in their hands worked admirably and greatly contributed to the success and relieved the workmen. I made much use of them in my ascent. It was curious and extraordinary to see the materials, set in motion by these machines, scaling the icy slopes of the ridge. I hope the observatory may be utilised for certain observations this autumn. We have had no serious accident to deplore."

The continued emigration of the Turkish population in Eastern Bulgaria has become an anxiety to the Bulgarian Government. It is calculated that during the past fifteen years 30,000 Turkish peasants have emigrated from the Varna district, and a similar exodus has taken place from the departments of Shumla, Rasgrad, Rustchuk, and Silistria. These districts, which are thinly inhabited, can ill afford such a heavy drain on their rural population, and some of the most fertile tracts in Bulgaria are gradually going out of cultivation.

Cholera among the Mussulman pilgrims going to Mecca by the Red Sea is a cause of anxiety in Egypt, the soldiers forming the guard at the quarantine stations of Tor and Rasmallap and also the sanitary staff at El Tor and the neighbouring villages having become infected with cholera. The health of the 3000 pilgrims who are still at El Tor is satisfactory, but the encampment and the neighbourhood are so badly infected as to constitute a serious danger. The enormous number of pilgrims received at El Tor, exceeding 30,000 since the middle of July, in batches of 12,000 at a time, has caused a severe strain, and the regulations for disinfection and isolation could not always be strictly enforced. Of the 10,000 pilgrims lately reported stranded at Yambo for want of shipping, 1000 are stated to have died, about one-third of them from cholera.

The British Indian political mission to the Ameer of Afghanistan has started on its way through the Khyber Pass, and should arrive at Cabul on Sept. 30. The Afghan General Ghulam Haidar, the Ameer's representative, and Commander-in-Chief at Jelalabad, is waiting to receive the mission on the frontier at Lundi Khana. The officers accompanying Sir Mortimer Durand are Major Elles, Lieutenant MacMahon, Lieutenant Manners-Smith, and Dr. Fenn. The mission will be guarded through the Khyber Pass by the Khyber Rifles, and beyond the frontier entirely by the Ameer's troops. The mission starts under favourable auspices.

In Australia, the Queensland Government has decided to ask Parliament to vote a subsidy of £5000 for one year towards the expenses of Messrs. Huddart, Parker, and Co.'s new line of steamers from Sydney to Vancouver, upon the condition that the steamers of the line shall call at Moreton Bay, the port of Brisbane, and Keppel Bay, the port of Rockhampton.

The excitement in the American State of Arkansas, where nearly 100,000 people assembled to take advantage of the opening of the former Indian Native Reserve lands, called "the Cherokee Strip," for occupation by white settlers, came to a crisis on Sept. 17. That being the day fixed, the signal was given by firing a gun, and an eager crowd hurried forward to secure claims, some on horseback and others on foot. Within two hours 20,000 men, women, and children of various nationalities had congregated on the "strip," and towns were staked out in every direction. In the rush many accidents occurred; two persons were killed and others seriously injured.



LIFE IN BRAZIL: A LEMONADE-SELLER AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

cordially received by the Emperor Francis Joseph. Having inspected the guard of honour, furnished by the 42nd Hungarian Infantry Regiment, the two Emperors drove to the Military Institute, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold of Bavaria following in a second carriage. The manoeuvres began on Sept. 18. Altogether five army corps are concentrated there, comprising 140,000 infantry, 8000 cavalry, and 320 guns.

A serious riot, occasioned by the departure of the 28th Regiment of Infantry, has occurred at Prague. In the neighbourhood of the German Theatre an organised attack on the police was begun by the rioters, who were eventually dispersed at the point of the bayonet by a strong force of armed gendarmes. At Smichow, a suburb of Prague, disorderly scenes have also taken place, and the police in that district have been reinforced. A band of Czech workmen and labourers, armed with pickaxes, shovels, and other similar weapons, have committed a series of excesses at Aussig, and several persons have been killed.

Spain has been visited by disastrous floods, causing serious loss of life and much damage in the province of Toledo, following violent rain and hail storms. The bodies of forty peasants, who were overtaken by the rising waters, have already been recovered, and many people have been more or less injured. Traffic on the Southern Railway is interrupted, as the permanent way is in parts under water. The stations of Tembleque and Villacañas are surrounded by water and entirely isolated, and the neighbouring villages of Tembleque, Lillo, and Romeral are flooded. The inhabitants, however, have succeeded in escaping to the neighbouring heights. Aid has been forwarded to the survivors at Villacañas. The approaches to that town are almost impassable, being blocked by mud and wreckage. Several of the houses have been entirely carried away, while others are seriously damaged. In some cases only the bare walls are left standing. At that place, many of the people lived in cave dwellings. These caves, about eight feet square, were cut out of the hillside, each family having a kitchen and a sleeping-room. The people inhabiting these primitive dwellings have suffered the most from the floods. The swollen Rianzares, rising many feet in a few hours, spread over the hillside and filled all the



## PERSONAL.

Sir Horace Davey, who succeeds Lord Justice Bowen as a Judge in the Court of Appeal, has the satisfaction of knowing that his appointment is universally acclaimed without distinction of party. Sir Horace is one of those lawyers who have long been marked out for the highest judicial promotion. As a politician he cannot be said to have achieved so much success. He was Solicitor-General in Mr. Glad-

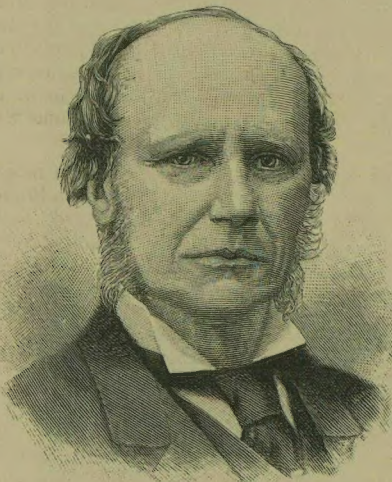


Photo by Elliott and Fry.

SIR HORACE DAVEY.  
The New Lord Justice of Appeal.

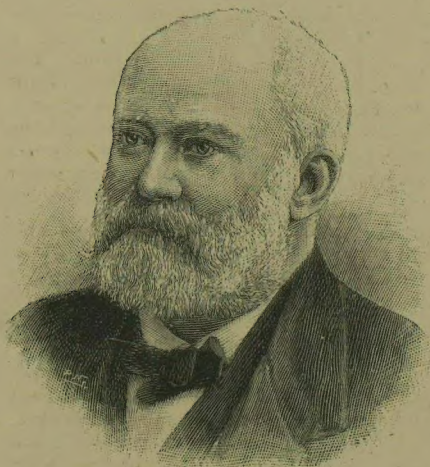
stone's short administration in 1886, but was unfortunate in his wooing of electors. In the last Parliament he was elected for Stockton, but lost that seat at the General Election in 1892. Sir Horace Davey is not a popular orator, and even his Parliamentary manner was always a little dry. But as a lawyer he has few, if any, equals, and as a judge he is likely to be one of the greatest acquisitions the Bench has ever known.

It is understood that during his visit to London M. Zola will be piloted through the mysteries of the city by competent guides. They will not be content to show him Gog and Magog, the Tower and the Monument; and such an accomplished observer of the darker side of Paris may have a natural curiosity to see its counterpart in London. M. Zola has a marvellous faculty of study, and it is quite possible that he may accumulate sufficient material to introduce some sketches of English life into his next romance. The theme is perfectly fresh to him, for he is believed to have taken little interest hitherto in England or her literature, and he has certainly spoken of our most celebrated writers with comparative indifference. Of distinguished living writers in France, M. Taine and M. Paul Bourget are almost alone in their knowledge and appreciation of our island; and in some of M. Bourget's novels there is a perfect exuberance of English idioms.

Sir Alexander Galt, G.C.M.G., LL.D., who has died at the age of seventy-six, was one of the most prominent statesmen in Canada. He entered the Canadian Parliament in 1849, and in 1858 was Finance Minister. In 1864 he succeeded to the same post, but resigned two years later when a measure for the extension of educational privileges to the Protestant minority in Lower Canada was rejected. He took a conspicuous part in the settlement of the Confederation Question in 1867, and again became Minister of Finance in the same year. He was one of the British Commissioners in the negotiations which led to the Treaty of Washington in 1871 and High Commissioner for Canada in England from 1880 to 1883. He inherited literary tastes from his father, John Galt, and wrote several books, of which the best known is "Canada from 1849 to 1859." His degree of LL.D. was conferred by the University of Edinburgh.

One of the resources of the dead season is a revival of the old discussion about "Mr. and Esquire." Where are you to draw the social line which "Misters" one correspondent and "Esquires" another? It is no use relying on pedigrees, and telling us that "Esquire" belongs properly only to the man with a coat of arms. The Herald's College cannot help you, for there are endless people who expect to be treated as "Esquires," though they have not heraldry enough to cover a shirt-button. The only certainty of not offending anybody on an envelope is in America, where "Mr." is the prevailing form of address, and "Esquire" is regarded as Anglomaniacal. From this problem the dead season has passed to the inner mysteries of the word "gentleman." That way chaos lies.

An engineer of great merit, Mr. Thomas William Kennard, who was the second son of the late Mr. R. W. Kennard, M.P., has died, after some years' retirement from business, at his residence at Sunbury, on Sept. 10. One of his first important works, begun in 1854 and completed in 1857, was the Crumlin Viaduct, on the Great Western Railway Company's line, connecting Monmouthshire with Glamorganshire



THE LATE MR. THOMAS WILLIAM KENNARD.

and South Wales. It is a magnificent structure, over 1650 ft. long and 200 ft. in height, crossing a picturesque valley; this work, a bold and novel design at that time, was then considered by many engineers almost impracticable, and its successful execution, by his own patent process (Warren and Kennard's),

had some difficulties to overcome. In 1869 he left the bridge-building works he had established at Crumlin to the management of his brothers, having engaged in foreign undertakings of a similar kind, including a bridge over the Ebro, in Spain, one over the Tagus, in Portugal, and one over the Tiber, in Italy, where he might have been rewarded with the Roman title of "Pontifex Maximus." He became engineer of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway in the United States of America, and his reputation continually increased. Mr. Kennard was much respected by all in his employment, and enjoyed high social esteem.

Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour may be consoled in his exile to learn that an assault on an effigy of himself has been punished by a fine. There was a "fancy costume cycling parade" at Burnley, and an "ornamental machine," carrying an effigy of Mr. Jabez Balfour, was vigorously assailed by one Frances Sunderland, a weaver, whose mother was a victim of the Liberator's frauds. The effigy was "seriously damaged," and Frances Sunderland has had to pay a penalty. This may convey to the mind of the fugitive in the Argentine Republic a soothing assurance that although the police want him badly, his counterfeit image is protected by the law. At the same time, this is somewhat inconsistent with the popular idea of effigies in such cases, for they are generally burnt with impunity.

What is the most suitable reading for a pauper? His personal interest in the world beyond the workhouse gates is over, but he may be all the more disposed to an impartial study of mankind. To satisfy this very legitimate ambition a philanthropic society has been formed for supplying the pauper with "high-class literature." The first parcel of books sent to the Kettering workhouse included these monuments of interesting research: "A Chronology of the Soap Trade," "The Manufacture of Bleaching Powder," "A Guide to London," thirty years old, "Improvements in Sulphuric Acid Manufacture," "Condensation of Noxious Vapour," and several books in German, including almanacs. There may be a subtle intention in the volumes about soap and bleaching powders, and it is within the scope of philanthropy to guard against noxious vapours; but what is the message of sulphuric acid and the German almanac? As for the London guide, it is evidently supposed to have just as much interest as any later guide, for how can the Kettering pauper be expected to make himself personally familiar with the work of the County Council? It is clearly the intention of the philanthropic society to provide nothing in the way of reading which is inconsistent with the pauper's station in life. That, no doubt, is why novels are excluded.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, or Sir Hibbert Tupper, as the new K.C.M.G. will doubtless be called, to distinguish him from his father, is a Colonial statesman of the type to make one believe in the future of Greater Britain. In the full vigour of early manhood—he is only thirty-eight years of age, strong and manly in mind as well as in body—Sir H. Tupper is of the race of men built to cope with the difficulties of early Colonial life, and he has shown during the past ten years how determined he is to take his full share in the development of British North America. He himself is a favoured child of fortune. His father, Sir Charles Tupper—now High Commissioner for Canada in England—gave him the best that the American continent could supply in the way of education, and hardly had he begun to fight his way as a lawyer at the Nova Scotia Bar when he found himself elected to the Dominion House of Commons to represent a county in the Province with which the name of Tupper has always been associated.

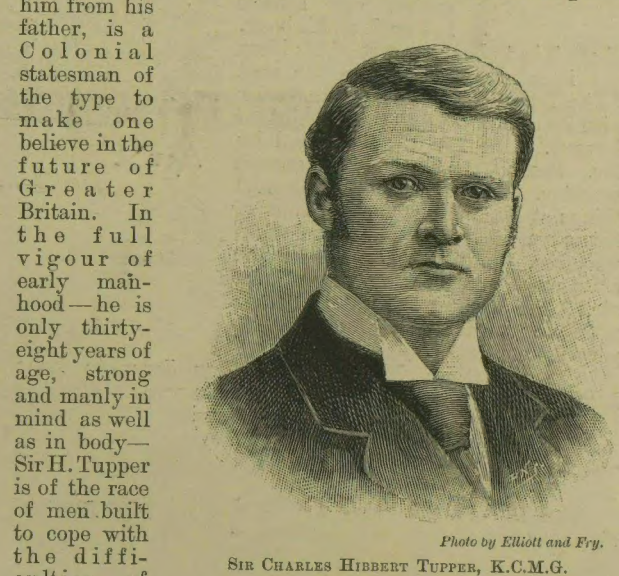


Photo by Elliott and Fry.

SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, K.C.M.G.

Five years of House of Commons life proved that "young Charlie Tupper" knew how to handle the Parliamentary cudgels in true Colonial style, and before he was thirty-three years of age Sir John Macdonald singled him out for a place in the Cabinet as Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Sir John Macdonald died, but Mr. Tupper remained in succeeding Ministries, and, unlike some of his colleagues, clung to the department with which his own maritime province is especially associated. Here he has enhanced the reputation of Canada as the fifth maritime Power in the world and as the home of wealthy ocean fisheries, while at the same time he has begun to make fame for himself as an administrator of indomitable energy, abundant courage, and no little insight. The achievement which has brought Sir Hibbert Tupper his K.C.M.G. is the successful presentation of the British case before the Bering Sea Court of Arbitration. He had, of course, the best expert aid that the greatest maritime Power in the world could furnish, but the success of the British contentions was nevertheless due in no small degree to his mastery of the questions at issue, and the clear and vigorous treatment of the essentials as distinct from the fancies of the dispute.

It is the privilege of the British Association to be agreeably surprised by feminine lecturers. A section is pursuing its way doggedly along the orthodox paths of science, when it is suddenly taken gently by the ear, and

led into primrose alleys at the bidding of beauty. Mrs. Lilly Grove, F.R.G.S. (the very initials have a new and becoming air), read two papers at the Nottingham meeting. One was an interesting description of a visit to the islands of Chiloe; the other was a vindication of dancing as an ethnographic amusement. Mrs. Grove traced this pastime to its primeval beginnings, and reviewed it as an expression of humanity in many phases. To all this did the British Association, like Desdemona, seriously incline, and our only wonder is that the section did not break into gambols at the end of the paper. There are still grave and reverend seigneurs in science who may regard all this as frivolous, but how is the most strait-laced materfamilias to resist the native impulse of her daughters to trip the light fantastic toe when they cry "Oh, mother! but it's so ethnographic!"

The latest addition to our Parliamentary groups is composed of members of all parties who have either resided in,

or have had intimate relations with, one or more of the self-governing colonies of the Empire. Its main object is, in the words of its secretary (Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P.), "to secure a thorough, systematic, and general representation of the interests of Greater Britain in the House of Commons."

Among its leading members are Sir John Gorst, Sir James Fergusson, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir George Baden-Powell, Sir Donald Currie, the Hon. E. Blake, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, Mr. Staveley Hill, and Mr. Thomas Curran. Sir John Gorst, the chairman, occupies that position by virtue of his having been a pioneer New Zealand colonist in the troublous times of the Maori wars. Mr. Hogan, the secretary, is an Australian author and journalist, who, although he sits for an Irish constituency, has spent the greater part of his life at the Antipodes. He was a member of the literary staff of the *Melbourne Argus* for several years, and since he settled in London in 1887 he has published the following books: "The Irish in Australia," "The Australian in London," "The Lost Explorer," "The Convict King," and "Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke."

The popular prima donna Madame Minnie Hauk, who is staying at present at her villa (Tribtschen) on the Lake of Lucerne, will start in October on a tour in the United States and Japan. She will sing at Chicago on her way to California, where she will probably appear in opera as well as at concerts before embarking from San Francisco. The Japanese portion of the tour will be fairly extended, but Madame Hauk hopes to be back in Europe by the month of February, and her intention is then to come direct to London. She sails from Hamburg on Oct. 12, and on her road to that city she will sing once at Baden-Baden, where the talented artist is a great favourite.

The Royal Choral Society's prospectus, although marked "under revision," is still sufficiently ample and definite to afford indication of a very interesting season. The proverb of the "ill wind" certainly applies to the announcement that Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new oratorio, "Bethlehem," will be produced for the first time on April 12 next. The loss of the Chicago Exhibition is thus the gain of the Albert Hall, and the first sounds of an eminent Englishman's important work will be heard and applauded by his own countrymen. In seeking for some neglected oratorio of Handel's worthy of revival at the present time, the managers of the Royal Choral Society could scarcely have made a better choice than "Jephthah," which has not been performed in the metropolis for many years. It will be given on Dec. 7, with the additional accompaniments written by Sir Arthur Sullivan expressly for the Oratorio Concerts conducted by Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Barnby. "Jephthah" is perhaps more remarkable for its solos than its choruses, and it is satisfactory to know that the former will be in the hands of such artists as Mrs. Henschel, Miss Margaret Hoare, Miss Agnes Janson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Norman Salmond. The remaining fixtures of the series are as follows: Nov. 2, Berlioz's "Faust"; Nov. 23, "Israel in Egypt"; Jan. 1, "Messiah"; Jan. 18, "Golden Legend"; Feb. 7, "Redemption"; March 1, "Requiem" (from Gounod's "Mors et Vita") and Rossini's "Stabat Mater"; March 23, "Messiah"; and April 26, "Elijah." It should be noted that the majority of the concerts take place on Thursday, instead of, as heretofore, on Wednesday evenings.

The *Woman at Home* (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton), which is also called "Annie S. Swan's Magazine," and projected, we believe, by Dr. Robertson Nicoll (the accomplished editor of the *Bookman*, the *Expositor*, and we know not how many more successful enterprises), appears with an excellent first number. The biographical sketch of the Princess of Wales is full of pleasant reminiscences of the Princess's girlhood in Denmark. In addition to an illustrated interview with Madame Adelina Patti, there is "a page of confessions" by that famous songstress, a leaf from our old friend "the confession-book," with its "favourite occupation," and "the quality you most admire in man," and the rest of the staggering disclosures which have laid bare so many throbbing hearts. Madame Patti's favourite quality in man, by-the-way, is honesty, and in woman, faith.



## "THE TEMPTER" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

It will be time, after shaking off the excitement of a memorable evening, to discuss the merits of the bold and beautiful play written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones as an abiding present to the stage of our time. Those who have had the pleasure of reading the text free from the fascination and glamour of the footlights cannot fail to rank it very highly as literature. We have been told, on what is doubtless excellent authority, that the author of this very remarkable work has devoted no less than fifteen months to the study and completion of it. But he has done more. Unless we are very much mistaken, he has enjoyed a glorious carouse with the old dramatists. He has dreamed a dream, and sunk luxuriously into the poetic lap of the golden age. This is no modern poet trying to

horror and confusion around him, deliver himself of a poetic prelude to his own love story? They will say, these men and women without imagination, that poetry is not spouted on the decks of sinking ships. If this be really so, what are our poets and dramatists to do? Shakspeare is good enough to follow, after all. He did not disdain to illustrate "The Tempest," and no stones of derision must be flung at Mr. Jones for painting the Devil triumphant at the helm of the sinking ship.

Mephisto won his Faust in a different fashion, and it is wholly to the credit of the modern dramatist that he opens up a field for imagination, and employs in it not only the poet and philosopher, but the actor with brains, the scene-painter with talent, and the mechanic with resource. The slightest slip might, of course, put the whole of the imaginative machinery out of gear. A too enthusiastic super, a fatally emphatic yell, a wobbling moon, a misdirected flash of lightning might sink the whole of the poetic imaginings of poor Mr. Jones as fatally as his own doomed ship. Plays as ambitious have been laughed off the stage by absolutely mechanical stage errors. But in this instance the poet-author can always fall back on his book.

There it is, to bear witness of his ideas and imaginings. No one can read "The Tempter" without being struck with its dramatic force and passionate fervour. The Devil, as depicted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, is a superb monster. We should like to hurl things at him and argue him out of his perversity, but, like all godless wretches, the philosophy he uses is often unanswerable. But why wonder at it?—he is the Devil. And if there were no Devil there would be no perverse discussion.

The ascent of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to fame has been as rapid as it has been deserved. He has tumbled down all obstacles in his path. Who would have thought that the author of "The Silver King" would bud into "Judah" and blossom into "The Tempter"?

This is bold, passionate writing, but it is poetry for the stage, and as such warmly welcome—



Act 1.

be old-fashioned, and jerking into his composition any quantity of "odds boddikins" and "zounds" and "i faiths." That is a cheap trick. The work of the Elizabethanised modern dramatist is of far more value than that. He has used the character of the Devil as a medium for his cynicism, sarcasm, and ultra-modern philosophy; he has treated love with the true passion of a poet; he has put forward in a new and attractive dress the problem of the eternal man and woman; and in his healthy discussion he has shown no bias one way or the other. The speeches put into the Devil's mouth have no right to shock any human being, *c'est le Diable qui parle*, and presumably the Devil has a right to express his devilish sentiments in his own particular fashion. But with all this there is no desire to ridicule religion, revealed or otherwise. The Devil, as used by the poet-dramatist, is merely a cynical, clever, horribly true expression of human temptation. We hear that same Devil's words in our ears every day and almost every hour of our lives. But the Devil, clever, fascinating, and exquisitely humorous as he is, cannot be said to endanger man or woman with his sneers or his cynicism. Mr. Jones is at infinite pains to show, by means of his priests and his choirs and his anthems and his ritualistic devices, the foreshadowed beauty of a higher life. Goethe, no doubt, did all this long before Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was born or thought of, and it will be Goethe and his immortal "Faust" that will be flung into the teeth of our modern English dramatist. It will not be wholly fair to do so. You cannot well have a finer subject for dramatic treatment than the temptation of good woman or good man. Goethe used the temptation of religious woman and the threatened destruction of her soul in "Faust." Our dramatist of to-day uses for the basis of his new philosophy the temptation and threatened ruin of chivalric man. The scenes—and they are very beautiful—between the passionate and bewitching Lady Isobel and the emotional, semi-religious, semi-sensual Prince show that the dramatist has, so to speak, got inside the instrument of human nature. He understands its wild chords and harmonies, its shrieks and its discords. The dialogue between the woman and the man after the dread accomplishment of ruin is as natural and as human as anything the modern stage has seen. We have no echo here, but a reality. They are not talking commonplaces, but truths. Again, no one has a right to deny to the author of "The Tempter" the credit of handling his subject with the grip and the virility of a dramatist. The dramatist conceives; the stage-manager orders. The poet paints; the mechanic executes. Of all stage difficulties the worst of all to combat is noise. A Shakspeare paints a shipwreck for the stage, but what exquisite danger there may be in expressing it! Carping critics will say, "How can a man in the very agony and sweat of death, with

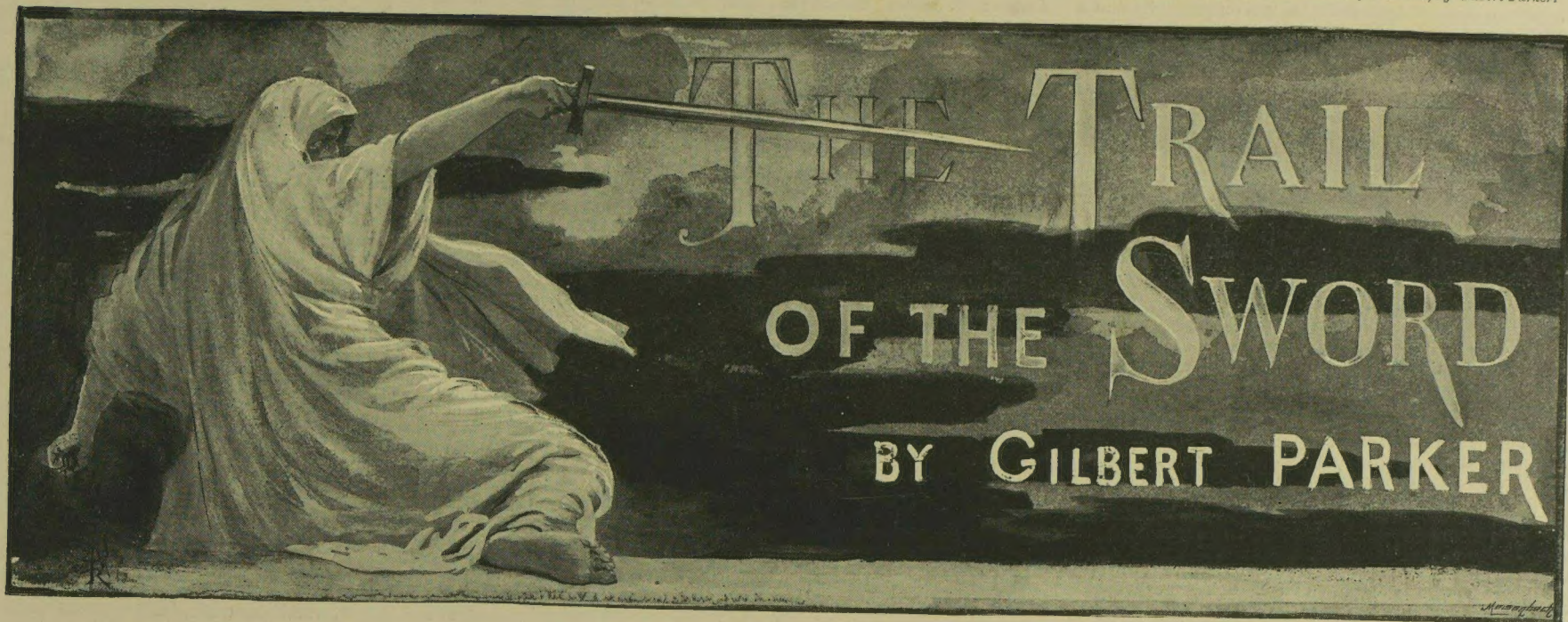
MR TREE  
Act 2

She should be here!  
The fainting air pants and is sick for her  
As I am! Isobel! When will she come?  
Oh! she is life itself. Now may I boast  
I live! Dead was I till her kindling lips  
Drew me from senseless clay and made me man!  
Thou art creative, Isobel, like God;  
Thy breath doth quicken like His word! She's here.—C.S.



Act 2





## EPOCH THE FOURTH.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WHICH TELLS OF A BROTHER'S BLOOD CRYING FROM THE GROUND.

Two men stood leaning against a great gun aloft on the heights of Quebec. The fresh air of an October morning fluttered the lace at their breasts, and in the case of the younger of the two men, lifted his long brown hair from his shoulders. His companion was tall, alert, bronzed, grey-headed, with an eagle eye and a glance of authority. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the younger man, and said, "I am glad you have come, Iberville, for I need you, as I need all of your brave family—I could spare not one."

"You honour me, Sir; and, believe me, there is none in Quebec but thanks God that their Governor is here before Phips rounds the point of Orleans yonder."

"You did nobly while I was away there in Montreal, waiting for the New Yorkers to come and take it—if they could. But they were a sorry rabble, for they rushed on La Prairie—that little undefended place—massacred, and turned tail."

"There must have been sickness or disunion among them, Sir, or they would have come on, for they are brave men, stupid though they be. I have fought them."

"Well, well, as that may be! We will give them chance for their bravery. Our fortifications are strong from the Sault au Matelot round to Champigny's palace, the trenches

and embankments are nearly completed, and if they will give me but two days more, I will hold the place against twice thirty-four sail and twice twenty-five hundred men."

"But for how long, your Excellency?"

Count Frontenac nodded. "Spoken like a soldier. There's the vital point. By the Mass, I could hold it as long as food lasted! But here we are with near two thousand men, and all the people from the villages, besides Callières' seven or eight hundred, should they arrive in time—and, in any case, pray God they will, for there will be work to do. If they attack us with ships in front here, and behind there from the Saint Charles, protecting their men as they cross the river, we shall have none too many to do the work. But still we will do it!"

The Governor drew himself up proudly. He had sniffed the air of battle for over fifty years, with all manner of enemies, and his heart was in the thing. Never had there been in Quebec a more moving sight than when he arrived from Montreal the evening before, and climbed Mountain Street on his way to the Château. Women and children pressed round him, blessing him; priests, as he passed, lifted hands in benediction; men cheered and cried for joy; in every house there was thanksgiving that the imperious, splendid old veteran had come in time.

Prévost the town mayor, Champigny the Intendant, Sainte-Hélène, Maricourt, and Longueuil, had worked with the energy and skill of soldiers who knew their duty thoroughly, and it was incredible what had been done since the alarm had come

to Prévost that Phips had entered the St. Lawrence, and was anchored at Tadousac.

"And how came you to be here, Iberville?" queried the Governor pleasantly. "We scarce expected you so soon."

"The promptings of the saints and the happy kindness of King Louis, who will send my ship here after me. I boarded the first merchantmen with its nose to the sea, and landed here soon after you left for Montreal."

"So? Good! Ah! Let me see—let me see, Iberville. Have you quite recovered from the Puritan lady's marriage with the fire-eating Englishman?"

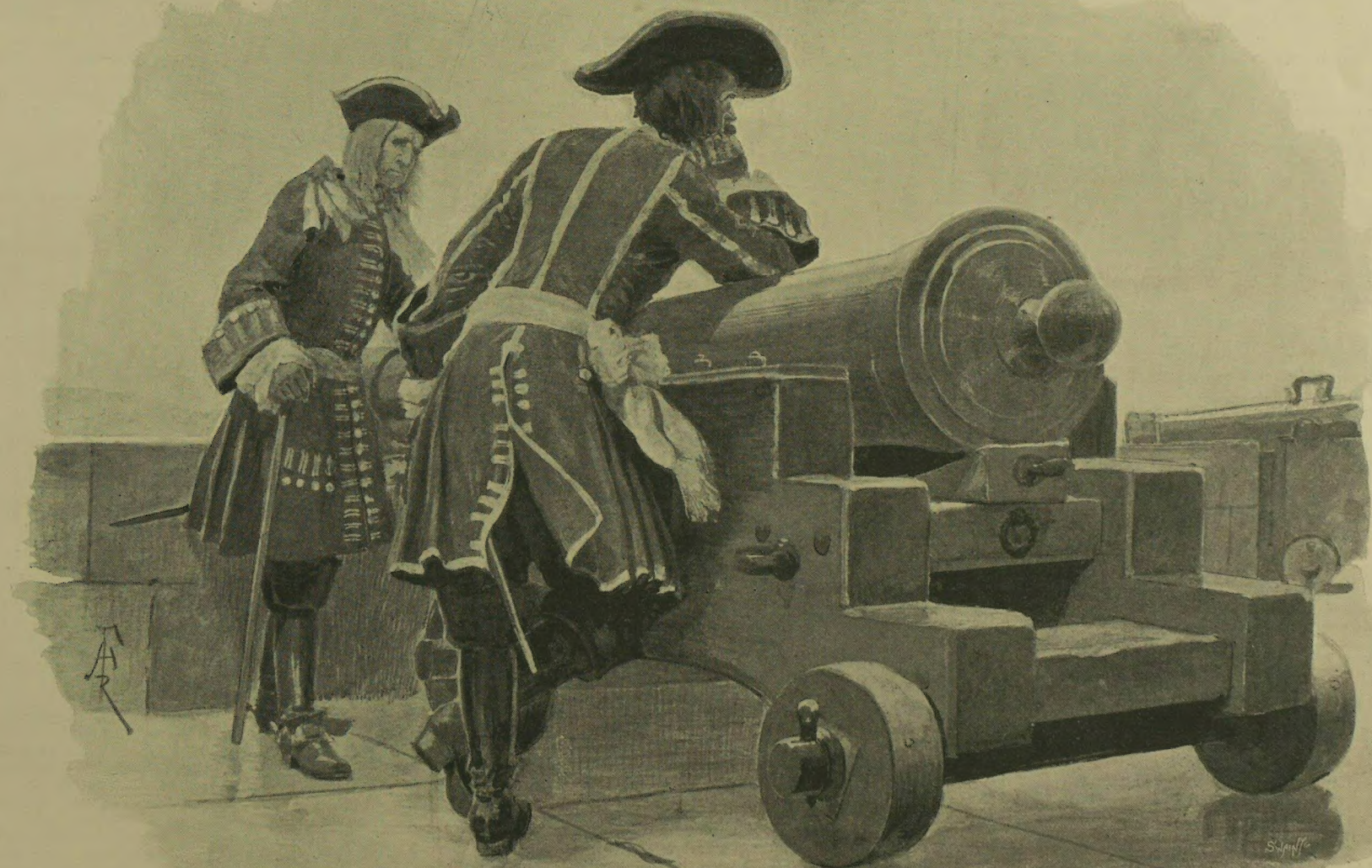
The Governor smiled as he spoke, not looking at Iberville. His glance was upon the batteries in Lower Town. He had inquired carelessly, for he did not think the question serious at this distance of time. Getting no answer, he turned smartly upon Iberville, surprised. He was struck by the sudden hardness in the sun-browned face. Iberville's eyes were flashing. The years had deepened the power of his face and form.

"Your Excellency will remember," he answered in a low cold tone, "that I once was advised to marry the sword."

The Governor laid his hand upon Iberville's shoulder: "Pardon me. I was not wise or kind. But I warrant the sword will be your best wife in the end."

"I have a favour to ask, Count Frontenac."

"You might ask many, my Iberville. If all the gentlemen here, clerics and laymen, asked as few as you, mine would be a peaceful life. Your services have been great, one way and another. Ask, and I almost promise beforehand."





"It is this. Six months ago you had a prisoner here, captured on the New England border. After he was exchanged you believed that while he was on parole he sent a plan of the city and fortifications to the Government of Massachusetts. He passed in the name of George Escott. Do you remember?"

"Very well indeed."

"Suppose he were taken prisoner again. What would you do?"

"I would try him as a spy."

"And shoot him, if guilty?"

"Or hang him."

"The man's name was not Escott. It was Gering—Captain George Gering."

The Governor looked hard at Iberville for a moment, and a grim smile played upon his lips. "H'm! How do you guess that?"

"From Perrot, who knows him well."

"Why did Perrot not tell me?"

"Perrot and Sainte-Hélène had been up at Sault Sainte Marie. They did not arrive until the day he was exchanged, and did not know till then. There was no particular reason why information should be given, and they said nothing."

"And what imports this?"

"I have no doubt that Mr. Gering is with Sir William Phips below at Tadoussac. If by any chance he is taken prisoner, I ask that he shall be at my disposal."

The Governor pursed his lips, then flashed a deep, inquiring glance at his companion. "The new mistress turned against the old, Iberville!" he said. "Gering is her husband, eh? Well, I will trust you: it shall be as you wish; a matter for us two alone."

At that moment Prévoist, with Sainte-Hélène and Maricourt, appeared, and presently, in the waning light, they all went down towards the Convent of the Ursulines, and made their way round the rock, past the three gates, to the palace of the Intendant, and so on to the St. Charles River.

The next morning word was brought that Phips was making his way steadily up, and would probably arrive that day. All was bustle in the town, and prayers and work went on without ceasing. Late in the afternoon the watchers from the rock of Quebec saw the ships of the New England fleet slowly rounding the point of the Island of Orleans.

To the eyes of Sir William Phips and his two thousand men the majestic fortress, crowned with walls, towers, and ominous guns, rising sheer three hundred feet above the water, the white banner defiantly flaunting from the Château of St. Louis and the Citadel, the batteries along the shore, the sentinels upon the walls—were suggestive of stern work. This was very different from little Port Royal in Acadia, which they had captured from the French a few months before. Port Royal had been overcome by numbers and a burly summons to surrender; but here at Quebec there was work to do—work fitted for such as Wolfe, who, seventy years later, was to take this same town with fewer apparent chances of success.

Presently there drew away from Phips's fleet a boat carrying a subaltern officer with a flag of truce. Frontenac's final words to the youth were these: "Bid your master do his best, and I will do mine."

Disguised as a Canadian peasant, Iberville himself, with others, rowed the subaltern back almost to the side of the Admiral's ship—by the freak of some peasants, the boat which had brought him had been set adrift. As they rowed away from the ship, back slowly towards the shore, Iberville, looking up, saw, standing on the deck, Phips—and George Gering! This was what he had come for. He suddenly stood up in his boat, and took off his cap. His long clustering curls fell loose on his shoulders, and he waved a hand with a nonchalant courtesy. Gering sprang forward. "Iberville!" he cried, and drew his pistol.

Iberville saw the motion, but did not stir. He called up, however, in a clear, distinct voice: "Breaker of parole, keep your truce!"

"He is right," said Gering to himself quietly; "quite right. But he only came to show defiance!"

Gering was now hot for instant landing and attack. Had Phips acted upon his advice the record of the next few days might have been reversed. But the disease of counsel, deliberation, and prayer had entered into the soul of the sailor and treasure hunter, now Sir William Phips, Governor of Massachusetts. He delayed too long: the tide turned. There could be no landing that night.

Just after sundown there was a great noise, and the ringing of bells and sound of singing came over the water to the idle fleet.

"What does it mean?" asked Phips of a French prisoner on board, whom he had captured at Tadoussac.

"*Ma foi!* It means that you lose the game. They rejoice because Callières, the Governor of Montreal, with his Canadians, and Nicolas Perrot with his *coureurs de bois* have arrived. You have too much delay, Monsieur."

It was true. In Quebec, when this contingent arrived, the people went wild. And Perrot was never prouder in his life than when, in Mountain Street, Iberville, after three years' absence, threw his arms round him, and kissed him on each cheek.

It was in the dank hour before daybreak that Iberville and Perrot met for their first talk after the long separation. What had occurred on the day of Jessica Leveret's marriage, Perrot had, with the Abbé De Casson's help, written to Iberville. But they had had no words together. Now, in a room of the Citadel which looked out on the darkness of the river and the deeper gloom of the Levis shore, they sat and talked, a single candle burning, their weapons laid on the table between them.

Among the few fathers who went among the people in the streets was one who towered far above the rest in stature, who now bent his shoulder to putting a huge stone in place, now whispered in the ear of some hysterical woman, or brought a strayed child to its own door.

It was the Abbé De Casson. He had come down from Montreal that very night, after Callières, Perrot, and his men had arrived. He had come into Montreal from the Far West, after they had gone, had started away alone, and had arrived a few hours after. He and Iberville had met in a hurried moment, and agreed to meet where Iberville and Perrot now were. He had not yet arrived.

Iberville and Perrot were busy, not so much with speech as with silence. They had said little. They had sat in the window looking down on the town and the river. At last Iberville spoke. "Tell me it all as you remember it, Perrot."

Perrot, usually swift of speech when once started, was very slow now. He felt the weight of every word, and he had rather have told of the scalping of a hundred men than of his last meeting with Jessica Leveret. When he had finished, Iberville said, "She kept the letter, you say?"

Perrot nodded, and drew the ring from a pouch which he carried. "I have kept it safe," he said, and held it out. Iberville took it, and turned it over in his hand, with an enigmatical smile. "I will hand it to her myself," he said half beneath his breath.

"You do not give her up, Monsieur?"

Iberville laughed. Then he leaned forward, and found

Perrot's eyes in the half darkness. "Perrot, she kept the letter, she would have kept the ring if she could. Listen: Monsieur Gering has held to his word. He has come to seek me this time. He knows that while I live the woman is not his, though she bears his name. She married him—Why? It is no matter: he was there: I was not. There were her father, her friends! I was a Frenchman, a Catholic—a thousand things! And a woman will yield her hand, while her heart remains her own. Well, he has come. See: One way or another he must be mine. We have great accounts to settle, and I want it done between him and me. If he remains in the ship, we must board it. With our one little craft there in the St. Charles we will sail out, grapple the Admiral's ship, and play a great game: one against thirty-four. It has been done before. Capture the Admiral's ship, and we can play the devil with the rest of them. If not, die. Or, if Gering lands and fights, he also must be ours. Many of your men know him. Sainte-Hélène, Maricourt know him, and they with myself, Clermont and Saint Denis, are to lead and resist attacks by land—Frontenac has promised that: so he must be ours one way or another. He must be captured, tried as a spy, and then he is mine—is mine!"

"Tried as a spy—ah, I see! You would disgrace? Well, but even then he is not yours."

Iberville got to his feet. "Don't try to think it out, Perrot. It will come to you in good time. I can trust you. You are with me in all?"

"Have I ever failed you?"

"Never. You will not hesitate to attack the Admiral's ship? Think what an adventure it would be! Remember Adam Dollard and the Long Sault!"

Perrot did remember. What man in Canada did not remember that handful of men, going out with an antique courage to hold back the Iroquois, and save the colony, and die? Perrot grasped Iberville's hand, and said: "Where you go, I go. Where I go my men will follow."

Their pact was made. They sat there in silence till the grey light of morning crept slowly in. Still they did not lie down to rest. They were waiting for De Casson. He came before a ray of sunshine had pierced the leaden light. Tall, massive, proudly built, his white hair a rim about his forehead, his deep eyes watchful and piercing, he looked a soldier in disguise, as indeed he was as much a soldier as when he fought at Turenne forty years before.

The three comrades were together again.

Strange as it may seem, Iberville told the Abbé his plans. There was such understanding between them that no secrecy was necessary. The Abbé lifted his fingers in admonition once or twice, but his eyes flashed as Iberville spoke of an attempt to capture the Admiral on his own ship. When Iberville had finished, he said, in a low voice—

"Pierre, must it still be so—that the woman shall prompt you to these things?"

"I have spoken of no woman, Abbé."

"Yet you have spoken." He sighed and raised his hand. "The man—the men—down there would destroy our country. They are our enemies, and we do well to slay. But remember, Pierre—'What God hath joined let no man put asunder!' To fight him as an enemy of your country—well; to fight him that you may 'put asunder' is not well."

A look, half painful, half amused, crossed Iberville's face.

"And yet heretics—heretics, Abbé!"

"Marriage is no heresy."

"H'm—they say different at Versailles."

"Since De Montespain went, and Madame de Maintenon rules?"

Iberville laughed. "Well, perhaps not."

They sat silent for a time, but presently Iberville rose, went to a cupboard, drew forth some wine and meat, and put some coffee on the fire. Then, with a gesture as of remembrance, he went to a box, drew forth his own violin, and placed it in the priest's hands. It seemed strange that, in the midst of such great events—the loss or keeping of an Empire—these men should thus devote the few hours granted them for sleep. They did according to their natures. The priest took the instrument and tuned it softly. Iberville blew out the candle. There was only the light of the fire, with the gleam of the slowcoming dawn. Once again, even as years before in the little house at Montreal, De Casson played—now with a martial air. At last he struck the chords of a song which had been a favourite with the Carignan-Salières regiment.

Instantly Iberville and Perrot responded, and there rang out from three strong throats the words—

There was a king of Normandy  
And he rode forth to war,  
Gai faluron falurette!  
He had five hundred men—no more!  
Gai faluron dondè!  
There was a king of Normandy,  
Came back from war again;  
He brought a maid, O fair was she!  
And twice five hundred men—  
Gai faluron falurette!  
Gai faluron dondè!

They were still singing when soldiers came by the window in the first warm light of sunrise. These caught it up, singing it as they marched on. It was taken up again by other companies, and by the time Iberville presented himself to Count Frontenac, not long after, there was hardly a citizen, soldier, or woodsman, but was singing it.

The weather and water were blustering all that day, and Phips did not move, save for a small attempt—repulsed—by a handful of men to examine the landing. The next morning, however, the attack began. Twelve hundred men were landed at Beauport, in the mud and low water, under Major Walley. With him was Gering, keen for action—he had persuaded Phips to allow him to fight on land.

To meet the English, Iberville, Sainte-Hélène, and Perrot issued forth with three hundred sharpshooters and a band of Huron Indians. In the skirmish that followed Iberville and Perrot pressed with a handful of men forward very close to the ranks of the English. In the charge which the New England commander immediately ordered, Iberville and Perrot saw Gering, and they tried hard to reach him. But the movement between made it impossible, without running unnecessary risk. For hours the fierce skirmishing went on, but in the evening the French withdrew and the New Englanders made their way towards the St. Charles, where vessels were to meet them, and protect them as they crossed the river and attacked the town in the rear—help that never came. For Phips, impatient, spent his day in a terrible cannonading, which did no great damage to the town—or the cliff! It was a game of thunder, nothing worse: and Walley and Gering with their men were neglected.

The next day the fight with the ships began again at daybreak. Iberville, seeing that Walley would not attack, joined Sainte-Hélène and Maricourt at the battery, and one of Iberville's shots brought down the Admiral's flagstaff, with its cross of St. George. It drifted towards the shore, and Maurice Joval went out in a canoe under a galling fire, and brought it up to Frontenac.

Iberville and Sainte-Hélène concentrated themselves on the Six Friends—the Admiral's ship. In vain Phips's gunners tried to dislodge them and their guns. Ball after ball they sent into

her hull and through her rigging. They tore away her main-mast, shattered her mizen-mast, and handled her as viciously as only expert gunners could. The New Englander replied bravely; but Quebec was not destined to be taken by bombardment, and Iberville saw the Six Friends drift, a shattered remnant, out of his line of fire.

It was the beginning of the end. One by one the thirty-four craft drew away, and Walley and Gering were left with their men, unaided in the siege. There was one moment when the cannonading was greatest, and the skirmishers seemed withdrawn, that Gering, furious with the delay, almost prevailed upon the cautious Walley to dash across the river and make a desperate charge up the hill, and in at the back door of the town. But Walley was, after all, a merchant and not a soldier, and would not do it. Gering fretted on his chain, sure that Iberville was with the guns against the ships, and would return to harass his New Englanders soon. That evening it turned bitter cold, and without the ammunition promised by Phips, with little or no food and useless field-pieces, their lot was hard.

But Gering had his way the next morning. Walley set out to the Six Friends to represent his case to the Admiral. Gering saw how the men chafed; and he sounded a few of them. Their wills were with him. They had come to fight, and fight they would, if they could but get the chance. With a miraculous swiftness the whispered word went through the lines. Gering could not command, but if the men went forward he must go with them! The ships in front were silent. Quebec was now interested in these men near the St. Charles.

As Iberville stood with Frontenac near the palace of the Intendant, watching, he saw the enemy suddenly hurry forward. In an instant he was dashing down to join his brothers, Sainte-Hélène, Longueuil and Perrot; and at the head of a body of Canadians they pushed on to get over the ford and hold it, while Frontenac, leading three battalions of troops, got away more slowly. There were but a few hundred men with Iberville, arrayed against Gering's many hundreds; but the Canadians were bush-fighters, and the New Englanders were only stout sailors and ploughmen. Yet Gering had no reason to be ashamed of his men that day. They charged bravely, but their enemies were hid behind trees and thickets, the best sharpshooters of the province.

Perrot had had his orders from Iberville. Iberville himself was, if possible, to engage Gering in a hand-to-hand fight. Perrot, on the other hand, was to cut Gering off from his men, and bring him in a prisoner. More than once both had Gering within range of their muskets; but they did not yield to the temptation, nor, indeed, did Gering himself, who more than once also had a chance of bringing Iberville down. Gering's men were badly exposed. He sent them hard at the thickets, and they cleared the outposts at some heavy loss. The firing was very severe. His men were scattered, and he shifted his position so as to bring him nearer the spot where Sainte-Hélène and Longueuil were pushing forward fresh outposts. He saw the activity of the two brothers, but he did not recognise them. He pushed forward with a handful of men to dislodge them. Both Sainte-Hélène and Longueuil exposed themselves for a moment, as they made for an advantageous thicket. Gering saw his opportunity, raised his musket, and fired. Sainte-Hélène fell mortally wounded. Longueuil sprang forward with a cry of rage, but a spent ball struck him.

Iberville, at a distance, saw the affair. With a smothered oath he snatched a musket from Maurice Joval, took steady aim, and fired. The distance was too great; the wind too strong. He only carried away an epaulet. But Perrot, who was not far from the fallen brothers, suddenly made a dash within easy range of the rifles of the British, and cut Gering and two of his companions off from the main body. It was done so suddenly that Gering found himself between two fires. His companions drew close to him, prepared to sell their lives dearly; but Perrot called to them to surrender. Gering saw the fruitlessness of resistance; and, to save his companions' lives, yielded.

The siege of Quebec was over. The British contented themselves with holding their position till Walley returned bearing the Admiral's orders to embark again for the fleet. And so in due time they did: in rain, cold, and gloom.

In a few days, Sir William Phips, having patched up his shattered ships, sailed away, having learned that the capture of Quebec was not so easy as the finding of a lost treasure. He had tried in vain to effect Gering's release.

When Gering surrendered, Perrot took his sword with a grim coolness, and said: "Come, Monsieur; and see what you think your stay in Quebec may be like."

In a moment, Perrot stopped him beside the dead body of Sainte-Hélène. "Your musket did this," said Perrot, pointing down. "Do you know him?"

Gering stooped over and looked. "My God!" he cried, "Iberville's brother—Sainte-Hélène!"

Perrot crossed himself and mumbled a prayer. Then he took from his bosom a scarf and drew it over the face of the dead man. He turned to Longueuil.

"Here is another brother of Monsieur Iberville, Monsieur Gering," he said.

Longueuil was insensible but he was not dangerously wounded. Perrot gave a signal, and the two brothers were lifted and carried down towards the ford, followed by Perrot and Gering. On their way they met Iberville.

All the brother, the comrade, in Iberville spoke first. He felt Longueuil's hand, and touched his pulse, then turned, as though he had not seen Gering, to the dead body of Sainte-Hélène. He motioned to the men to put the body down, then he stooped and took Perrot's scarf from the dead face. It was yet warm, and the handsome features wore a smile. Iberville looked for a moment with a strange cold quietness. He laid his hand upon the brow, and touched the cheek, heaved a great sigh, and made the sacred gesture over the face. Then he took his own handkerchief, and spread it over the face. Presently he motioned for the bodies to be carried on.

Perrot whispered to him. Now he turned and looked at Gering with a malignant steadiness.

"You have had the great honour, Sir, to kill one of the bravest gentlemen of France. More than once to-day, myself and my friend here"—pointing to Perrot—"could have killed you. Why did we not? Think you, in order that you might kill my brother, whose shoe latchet were too high for you? Monsieur, the sum mounts up." His voice rang bitterness and hatred. "Why did we spare you?" he repeated, and paused.

Gering could understand Iberville's quiet, vicious anger. He would rather have lost a hand than have killed Sainte-Hélène, who had, on board the Maid of Provence, treated him with great courtesy. He only shook his head now.

"Well, I will tell you. We have spared you, to try you for a spy. And after—after!—" Iberville's laugh was not pleasant to hear.

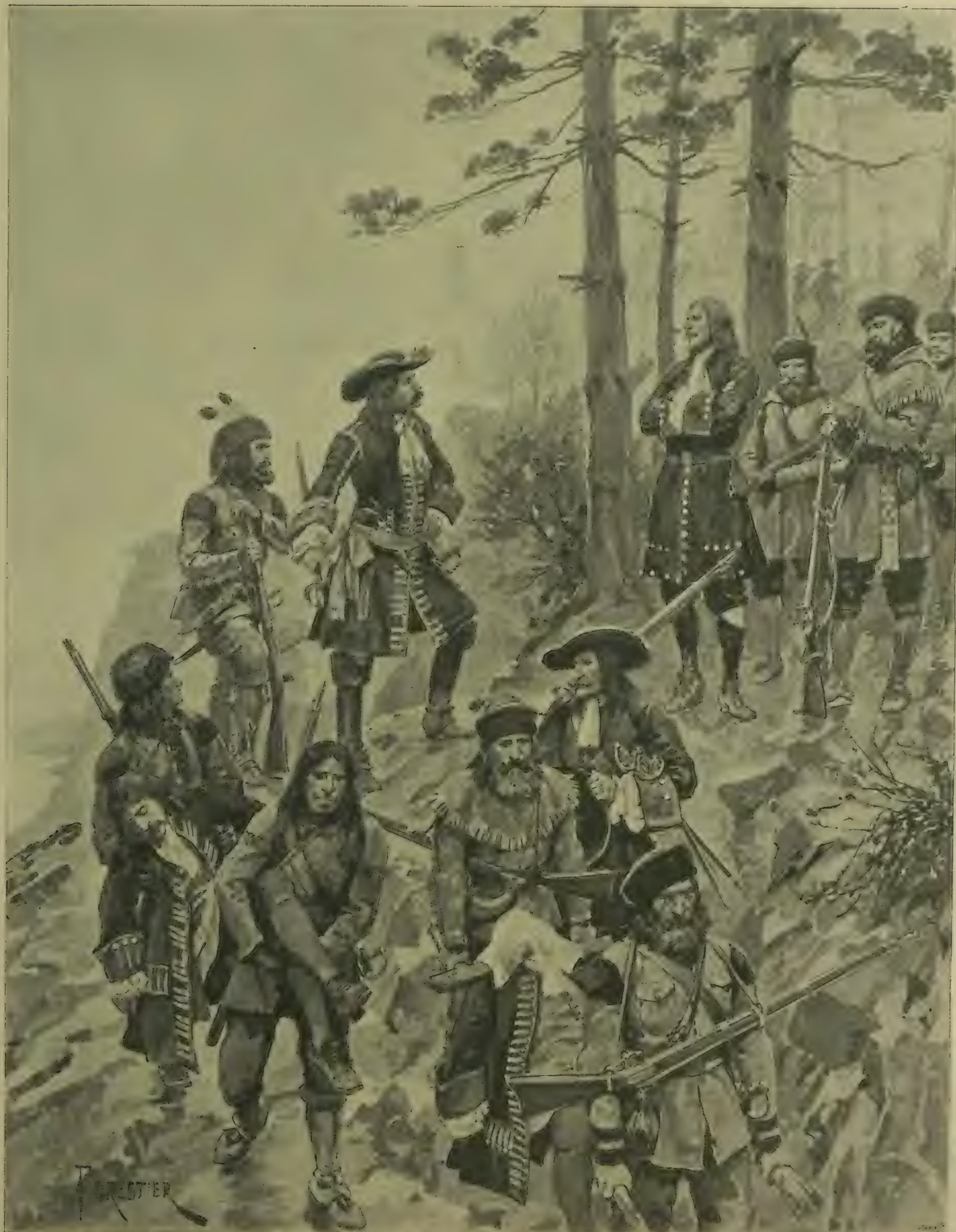
"A spy? It is false!" cried Gering.

"You will remember, Monsieur, that once before you gave me the lie!"

Gering made a proud gesture of defiance, but answered nothing. That night he was lodged in the Citadel.

(To be continued.)





"THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD."

"You have had the great honour, Sir, to kill one of the bravest gentlemen of France."



## ART NOTES.

It is so rare to find an art critic at once willing and able to put himself in the painter's place that one cannot be astonished if the aims of the latter are often misunderstood by the public. Mr. J. C. Van Dyke has, therefore, done a real service to all three by republishing the lectures delivered by him to the students of Princeton, Columbia, and Rutgers Colleges. The title he has given to his volume, "Art for Art's Sake" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), scarcely conveys a correct idea of its scope. He begins by urging upon his hearers that the radical difference between the painter and "the average person" is that while the latter desires "an epitomised novel in paint," the former is concerned only with the charms of colour, the novelties of natural beauty, and the expression of his own feelings. We might, perhaps, go a step further, and say that the artist's true and highest function is to reveal those beauties of form or of colour which without him pass unappreciated or unperceived by the "average person." Mr. Van Dyke's plea for more intelligent criticism is put with good taste and considerable force, but his book has the additional merit of showing what the artist should express and the critic and "the average person" seek for in any work which claims criticism and recognition. He explains the parts variously played in picture-making by colour, tone, light and shade, linear and aerial perspective, values, textures, and the like; and while he does not hesitate to avow his own preferences for "the men of 1830"—the

would perhaps prepare the way for the revival of local enthusiasm and self-reliance.

The Director of the French School at Athens, M. Homolle, is anxious to rectify some of the statements respecting his work at Delphi which have appeared in the English newspapers. He denies that the excavations have been suspended by order of the Greek Government, that any of the objects discovered have been concealed from the knowledge of the Greek authorities, or that any impediments have been placed in the way of those desirous of studying *in situ* the results of his investigations. There seems to be no doubt that the local authorities showed marked ill-will towards M. Homolle and his workmen, and that the chief inspector was ultimately recalled at the request of the French Minister at Athens. Naturally, each School of Archaeology which has been established in Greece is jealous of its rival, but so far the rivalry has been generous, and there is absolutely no evidence to show that the French School has in any way disturbed the good understanding which has hitherto existed between the various nationalities. By a tacit understanding, each school has the prior right of publishing the account of its own labours and their reward, and the journalistic "enterprise" which would attempt to break through this rule will certainly be judged by archaeologists of all countries as unprofessional and discourteous. M. Homolle is too well known to English visitors to Greece to need to defend

## THE QUEEN AND CRATHIE NEW CHURCH.

Views of the intended new, and the old, parish church of Crathie—not so very old, having been built in 1805 or 1806, and not the oldest, for the ivy-clad ruins of a more ancient one, which originally was a chapel belonging to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, stand at some distance on the banks of the Dee—appeared last week. The ceremony of Monday, Sept. 11, when the Queen laid the foundation-stone—or rather the memorial-stone, for the building had been commenced—of the new sacred building, to be erected at the cost of the heritors and parishioners of Crathie, was an interesting occasion. At noon carriages from the Castle brought her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of York, and several of the children of the royal family. They were received by the Rev. A. A. Campbell, the parish minister, the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, and the Rev. Dr. Mitford Mitchell, of Aberdeen, Queen's chaplains. Her Majesty, assisted by one of her Indian servants, alighted from the carriage and walked, with the help of her stick, up the steps, laid with crimson, to the platform under a crimson awning, where she took her seat, the Princes and Princesses standing around her. In attendance were Sir Henry Ponsonby, Sir J. E. Commerell, Sir C. Cust, Lady Churchill, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, and other members of her household, with Dr. Profeit, the manager of the Balmoral estate. In front of the platform, within an enclosure, were many



THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF CRATHIE NEW CHURCH.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

French school of Rousseau, Corot, and the later Barbizon painters—he can recognise the beauties of other schools and other periods. He is more just to Reynolds than the majority of his countrymen who write on English art, and he is not deceived by the skilful brushwork of the modern French artists and their imitators. The little volume, which is illustrated with a couple of dozen well-chosen photographs, is full of good sense, careful analysis, and valuable suggestions, and should find a place on the shelves of all who think and write about modern art.

If the London County Council wishes to add to its labours, a resolution passed at a recent meeting of the Paris Municipal Council may be commended to their consideration. The duties undertaken are not wholly new, but the need of a more systematic inspection of the Paris Museum has been long felt. Accordingly the Prefect of the Seine, the President of the Municipal Council, and six specially chosen members of that body are to form a committee, which is to be specially charged with suggesting the purchase of works of art (pictures and sculpture) at the two Salons, with the management of the Municipal Museums; and, in a word, with the general supervision of the art collections and museums of the French capital. It is not stated what funds—if any—will be placed at the disposal of the committee; but it is scarcely probable that they would accept the duties unless they were at the same time assured of having the means to carry out their own recommendations. If the duty of looking after art museums and the like were extended to all our town and county councils, we might possibly see the results of fostering local talent—whether artistic or industrial; and this

himself against the suggestion of wishing to conceal from others the fruits of his important excavations.

It is satisfactory to know that Miss Eleanor Rowe's idea of reproducing her "Studies from the Museums" for the use of the students of the School of Art Wood-Carving and others has been so far appreciated that she has been able to carry it out to the end. Five folios have now appeared (R. Sutton and Co., London), each containing about twenty reproductions by the process of glass printing, illustrative of the progressive stages through which wood-carving has passed both in this country and on the Continent. Miss Rowe has wisely classified her examples according to the methods and tools with which they were produced. In this concluding folio, the application of studies of the human figure to decorative work has been chiefly kept in view; and in this style the French, Flemish, and English wood-carvers of the sixteenth century seem to have contended on very equal terms. Perhaps one of the most beautiful instances of this work is the seignorial chair—possibly the presidential chair in a French provincial parliament. Still more interesting and more highly decorated is the circular mirror said to have been once in the possession of Lucrezia Borgia. The decoration is an allegory of the course of life, with its two ways, the one leading to the guardian angel, and the other to death, personified by a skeleton. The original work, which is in walnut wood, was purchased by the South Kensington Museum in 1861, at the dispersal of the Soulages collection, and is, perhaps, one of the most interesting specimens of wood-carving in our national collection.

ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, among whom were the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly.

The proceedings occupied scarcely half an hour. The church choir, conducted by Mr. D. L. Ogg, sang the metrical version of the 122nd Psalm. The Rev. Dr. Mitford Mitchell read a passage of the First Epistle of St. Peter. The address of the heritors and parishioners was read to the Queen by the parish minister, and a copy, engrossed on a paper ornamented with medallion pictures and with the royal arms in colours, was delivered to her Majesty. She replied, alluding to "the old church, where we have worshipped together for so many years," and expressing her "warm attachment to the Church of Scotland, which so largely represents the religious feelings of the people of this country." A cylinder containing the current coins of the realm, copies of the daily newspapers, and copies of some church records, was deposited by Mr. Pringle, of Aberdeen (Pringle and Slessor), the masonry contractor, in a cavity of the stone-work. He presented to the Queen a silver trowel with an ivory handle, bearing an inscription to record its use. The mortar was spread, the Queen applying the trowel. Under the direction of Mr. A. Marshall Mackenzie, the architect (Messrs. Matthews and Mackenzie, Aberdeen), and of Mr. Pringle, the stone was lowered to its position. With three taps of an ivory hammer the Queen declared it well and truly laid. A cornucopia was placed upon it; oil and wine were poured out by her Majesty, with the aid of Princess Beatrice and of the young Princesses of Connaught and Battenberg. Dr. Donald Macleod offered a consecration prayer, another verse of a psalm was sung, and the Rev. Mr. Campbell ended all with a benediction.





OUR VILLAGE.



## THE DEVIL'S CLOYSTER.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The name of Richard Bovet, Gent., is probably unfamiliar to most readers, though a few may remember him as the authority for the yarn of "the Fairy Boy of Leith," reprinted by Scott. The title of Mr. Bovet's book is "Pandemonium; or, The Devil's Cloyster" (London, 1684). There is a copy in the Abbotsford Library, and another in the British Museum, but I have never met with an example for sale. The tractate must be rare, though Lowndes does not quote a very high price for it. The first portion of "The Devil's Cloyster" is purely speculative, and contains the results of Mr. Bovet's reflections on the Fall of the Angels and the Propagation of Satan's Kingdom. These speculations are now somewhat belated, but age cannot wither the vivacious absurdity of Mr. Bovet's "Authenticated Relations of Strange Apparitions." About evidence, of course, he is perfectly reckless, but he must be praised for trying to found a kind of folk-lore society, with local correspondents. "If some sober and ingenious persons would undertake but to commend to the Publick the occurrences of this nature in every County, it would doubtless be a work very acceptable to all good men, and of great use for the conviction of others"—namely, of the bad, who believe not in witches. Mr. Bovet's first relation deals with events in his own dry very remote—namely, the astonishing racket in the house of Peter Pain, a shoemaker in St. Mary Poel Street, in Bristol. The authority is that of the late Dean of Bristol. The phenomena were a tremendous noise, the appearance of great lights, and so on, with "divers other stupendous circumstances," such as the moving of heavy weights. Next came the queer performances of Mr. Meridith's children, who, being afflicted with convulsions, "would hang about the walls and ceiling of the room, like flies or spiders," "a symptom vastly transcending the effects of any natural distemper." Therefore, witchcraft must have been at work, but nobody was burned for it, nor even accused, which speaks volumes for the common-sense of Mr. Meridith. The fourth case is that of the Fairy Boy of Leith, attested by "my worthy friend, Captain George Burton." This affair, however, is very well known already. Not so, however, "the Daemon of Spraiton, in the county of Devon, Anno 1682." This legend, then a contemporary marvel, must not be robbed of the charm of Mr. Bovet's style.

About the month of November in the year 1682. In the parish of *Spraiton*, in the county of *Devon*, one *Francis Fey* (servant to Mr. *Phillip Furze*) being in afield near the dwelling house of his said Master, there appeared unto him the resemblance of an aged gentleman, like his master's Father, with a Polo or Staff in his hand, resembling that he was wont to carry when living, to kill the moles withal: The spectrum approached near the young man, whom you may imagin not a little surprized at the appearance of one that he knew to be dead; but the spectrum bid him not to be afraid of him, but tell his Master (who was his Son) that several Legacies which by his testament he had bequeathed were unpaid, naming Ten shillings to one and Ten shillings to another, both which persons he named to the young man, who replied that the party he last named was dead, and so it could not be paid to him: The Ghost answered, *He knew that, but it must be paid to the next Relation, whom he also named:* The spectrum likewise ordered him to carry Twenty Shillings to a Gentlewoman, Sister to the deceased, living near *Totnes* in the said County, and promised if these things were performed to trouble him no further; but at the same time the spectrum, speaking of his second wife (who was also dead) called her wicked woman; though the Gentleman who writ the letter knew her, and esteemed her a very good woman: And (having thus related him his mind) the spectrum left the young man; who according to the direction of the Spirit took care to see the small Legacies satisfied, and carried the Twenty Shillings that was appointed to be paid the Gentlewoman near *Totnes*, but she utterly refused to receive it; being sent her (as she said) from the Devil: The same night the young man Lodging at her house, the aforesaid spectrum appeared to him again; whereupon the young man challenged his promise, not to trouble him any more, saying he had performed all according to his appointment, but that the Gentlewoman, his Sister, would not receive the Money. To which the spectrum replied, that was true indeed; but withal directed the young man to ride to *Totnes*, and buy for her a Ring of that value, which the Spirit said she would accept of, which being provided accordingly, she received: Since the performance of which the Ghost, or Apparition of the old Gentleman, hath seemed to be at rest, having never given the young man any further trouble.

But the next day after having delivered the ring, the young man was riding home to his Master's house, accompanied by a Servant of the Gentlewoman's near *Totnes*, and near about the time of their entrance (or a little before they came) into the parish of *Spraiton* aforesaid,

there appeared to be on the horse behind the young man the resemblance of the second wife of the old Gentleman, spoken of before. This Daemon often threw the young man off his horse; and cast him with such violence to the ground, as was great astonishment, not only to the Gentlewoman's Servant (with him) but to divers others who were spectators of the frightful action, the ground resounding with great noise, by reason of the incredible force with which he was cast upon it. At his coming into his Master's yard, the horse which he rid, though very poor and out of ease, leaped at one spring 25 foot, to the amazement of all that saw it. Soon after the She-Spectre shewed herself to divers in the house (viz.) The aforesaid young man, *Missress Thomasin Gidly*, *Ann Langdon*, born in that parish, and a little child, which by reason of the troublesomeness of the Spirit, they were fain to remove from that house. She appeared sometimes in her own shape, sometimes in forms very horrid, now and then like a monstrous Dog belching out fire, at another time it flew out at the window, in the shape of a horse, carrying with it only one pane of the glass, and a small piece of Iron.

One time the young man's head was thrust into a very strait place, betwixt a Bed's-head and a Wall, and forced by the strength of divers men to be removed thence, and that not without being much hurt, and bruised, so that much blood appeared about it: upon this, it was advised he should be bled, to prevent any ill accident that might come of the bruise; after bleeding, the ligature or binder of his arm was removed from thence, and conveyed about his middle, where it was strained with such violence,

House, do wear their own Clothes; they are certainly torn in pieces on their backs, but if the Clothes belong to any other, they are not injured after that manner. Many other strange and fantastical freaks have been done by the said Daemon or Spirit, in the view of divers persons: a Barrel of Salt of considerable quantity, hath been observed to march from room to room without any human assistance.

An hand-iron hath seemed to lay itself cross overthwart a pan of milk that hath been scalding over the fire; and two fitches of Bacon have of their own accord descended from the Chimney, where they were hung, and placed themselves upon the hand-iron.

When the Spectre appears in resemblance of her own person she seems to be habited in the same cloaths, and dress, which the Gentlewoman of the house (her Daughter-in-Law) hath on at the same time. Divers times the feet and legs of the young man aforesaid have been so intangled about his Neck, that he hath been loosed with great difficulty: sometimes they have been so twisted about the frames of Chairs, and Stools, that they have hardly been set at liberty. But one of the most considerable instances of the malice of the Spirit against the young man happened on *Easter Eve*, when Mr. C. the Relator, was passing by the door of the house, and it was thus.

When the young man was returning from his Labour, he was taken up by the skirt of his doublet, by this Female Daemon, and carried a height into the Air: He was soon missed by his Master, and some other Servants that had been at labour with him; and after diligent enquiry, no news could be heard of him, until at length (near half an hour after) he was heard singing and whistling in a bog or quagmire, where they found him in a kind of Trance, or extatick fit, to which he hath sometimes been accustomed (but whether before the Affliction he met with from this Spirit, I am not certain), he was affected much after such sort, as at the time of those Fits; so that the people did not give that attention, and regard to what he said, as at other times; but when he returned again to himself (which was about an hour after) he solemnly protested to them, that the Daemon had carried him so high, that his Master's house seemed to him to be but as a Haycock; and that during all that time, he was in perfect sense, and prayed to Almighty God not to suffer the Devil to destroy him: and that he was suddenly set down in that Quagmire.

The Workmen found one shoe on one side of his Master's house, and the other on the other side, and in the morning espied his Perriwig hanging on the top of a Tree: by which it appears he had been carried a considerable height, and that what he told them was not a fiction.

After this, it was observed that that part of the young man's Body, which had been on the mud in the Quagmire, was somewhat benumbed, and seemingly deader than the other; whereupon the following Saturday, which was the day before Low-Sunday, he was carried to *Crediton*, alias *Kirton*, to be bled, which being done accordingly and the Company having left him for some little space; at their return they found him in one of his Fits, with his Forehead much bruised, and swollen to a great bigness, none being able to guess how it happened, until his recovery from that Fit: When, upon enquiry, he gave them this account of it; That a Bird had with great swiftness and force flown in at the Window, with a stone in its beak, which it had dashed against his forehead, which had occasioned the swelling which they saw. The people much wondering at the strangeness of the Accident, diligently sought the stone, and under the place where he sat, they found not such a stone as they expected, but a weight of Brass or Copper, which it seems the Daemon had made use of on that occasion, to give the poor young man that hurt in his forehead. The persons present were at the trouble to break it in pieces, every one taking a part, and preserving it in memory of so strange an Accident. After this the Spirit continued to molest the young man in a very severe and rugged manner, often handling him with great extremity; and whether it hath yet left its violence to him, or whether the young man be yet alive, I can have no certain account. I leave the Reader to consider of the extraordinary strangeness of the Relation.

Here we leave Mr. Bovet, at his best, and with an undoubted claim to the award of the legendary cake or kettle, the prize of a spirited invention.

## ROYAL FAMILY LIFE AT FREDENSBORG.

A description of Fredensborg Castle, twenty miles from Copenhagen, the favourite home residence of the King and Queen of Denmark, where the Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters, the King of Greece, and other members of the Danish royal family are staying as visitors, appeared in our last publication, and we are enabled to give some interior views of the apartments. The Russian Czar, the Emperor Alexander III., being in private life one of the most good-natured men in the world, has always been a welcome guest at the house of his father-in-law, and is the playfellow of many children, his nephews and nieces, who delight in having "Uncle Alexander" to share their frolics. One day he led them out for a long walk, till they were tired, and then put them into a railway train to bring them home. The station-master recognised his Imperial Majesty, but did not venture to address him otherwise than as an ordinary passenger. To amuse the little ones their mighty uncle usurped the post of the railway guard, and duly collected the tickets for the journey.



IN THE CZAR'S STUDY, FREDENSBORG: THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

that the girding had almost stopped his breath, and killed him, and being cut asunder, it made a strange and dismal noise, so that the standers by were affrighted at it. At divers other times he hath been in danger to be strangled with Cravats, and Handkerchiefs, that he hath worn about his neck, which have been drawn so close, that with the sudden violence he hath been near choked, and hardly escaped death.

The Spectre hath shewed great offence at the Perriwigs which the young man used to wear, for they are often torn from his head after a very strange manner; one, that he esteemed above the rest, he put in a small box, and that box he placed in another, which he set against the wall of his Chamber, placing a joint-stool, with other weight, a-top of it; but in short time the boxes were broken in sunder, and the Perriwig rended into many small parts and tatters. Another time, lying in his Master's Chamber with his Perriwig on his head, to secure it from danger, within a little time it was torn from him, and reduced into very small fragments. At another time one of his shoe-strings was observed (without the assistance of any hand) to come of its own accord out of his shoe, and fling itself to the other side of the Room; the other was crawling after it, but a maid espying that, with her hand drew it out, and it strangely clasp'd and curl'd about her hand like a living Eel, or Serpent; this is testified by a Lady of considerable Quality, too great for exception, who was an Eye-witness. The same Lady shewed Mr. C. one of the young man's Gloves, which was torn in his pocket, whilst she was by; which is so dexterously tatter'd, and so artificially torn, that it is conceived a Cutter could not have contrived an Instrument, to have laid it abroad so accurately, and all this done in the pocket in the compass of one minute.

It is farther observable, that if the aforesaid young man, or another person, who is a Servant Maid in the



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. IV.—PLASSEY.



OLIVE ON THE ROOF OF THE NAWAB SURAJ-UD-DOWLAH'S HUNTING-JODGE, EXAMINING THE ENEMY'S LINES.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. IV.—PLASSEY.

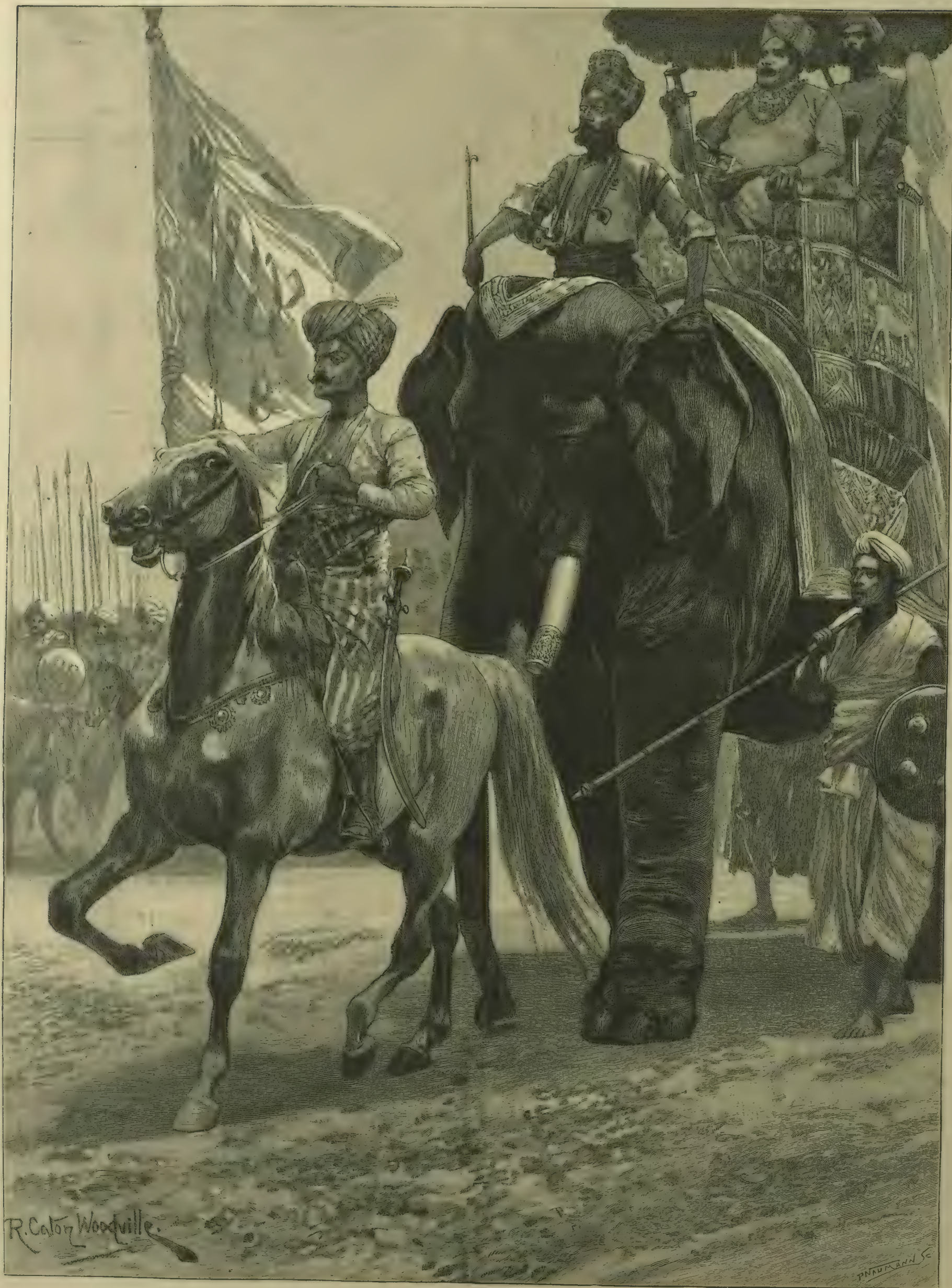


THE NAWAB'S ARTILLERY ON ITS MOVABLE PLATFORM.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. IV.—PLASSEY.



ARRIVAL OF THE NAWAB BEFORE CLIVE'S POSITION.

DRAWN BY P. CATON WOODVILLE.



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## IV.—PLASSEY.

The history of the rise of the British dominion in India contains many striking examples of vast results achieved by indomitable will in men when directed by clear intellect and supplemented by the soldierlike virtues of contempt of danger and patient endurance of privation and fatigue. Such qualities are absolutely essential in the character of a great military commander, and were never more conspicuous than in the short but dazzling career of Robert Clive, the victor of Plassey.

Clive arrived at Madras, in the capacity of a clerk, at the end of 1744. Hostilities soon recommenced between France and England. The British laid siege to Pondicherry, and it was while serving as a volunteer in the trenches before that place that the intrepid character of Clive was first brought to notice. Shortly afterwards the Governor of Fort St. David sent a small force to assist the ex-Rajah of Tanjore, Clive accompanying it as lieutenant. The high opinion formed of his bravery was then confirmed, for he led in person a "forlorn hope" at the siege of Devikota, when, out of twenty-nine Europeans who composed it, only Clive and three others

fell into the enemy's hands. They were imprisoned in a stifling dungeon, 18 ft. by 14 ft., and next morning only twenty-three were alive. On receipt of this news at Madras, the Governor decided to send a force of 830 Europeans, 1200 sepoys, and some artillery to the Hooghly, under Admiral Watson, with Clive next in command. Calcutta was retaken on Jan. 2. The Nawab, with 40,000 men, advanced to retrieve his position, but his camp was surprised by Clive during a dense fog, which led to the withdrawal of his army and the subsequent signature of a treaty of peace. By this treaty the Nawab guaranteed the British their former privileges and promised to restore the property seized at Calcutta.

Notwithstanding these assurances, it was evident to the British commander that no reliance could be placed upon the professions of the Nawab, and that there could be no security for the British until his power was destroyed. To accomplish this, Clive entered into negotiations with leading officers of the Nawab's army with a view to the betrayal of their master. Several were in the conspiracy, the principal being no less a person than the Commander-in-Chief, Mir Jafar. The conspirators urged the necessity of expelling the British from Bengal, and listening favourably to their importunities Suraj-ud-Dowlah, on June 21,

and the operation was completed in safety by four o'clock. A communication from Mir Jafar decided Clive to press on at once, and, although raining heavily, the troops made a fifteen-mile march to Plassey, where they arrived at one a.m. on June 23. They halted in a mango grove, about a mile from the enemy's lines. This grove was not far from the river, and surrounded as it was by a bank of earth and a ditch it formed a good defensive position. In advance, surrounded by a wall, was the hunting-box of the Nawab, and from its roof Clive reconnoitred the enemy. The position of the Nawab's camp was well chosen, advantage being taken in tracing the works of a horse-shoe bend in the river. Two large tanks, surrounded by banks of earth, formed strong *points d'appui*, and a redoubt armed with cannon further strengthened the defence. A curious feature connected with the artillery was that the guns were mounted on great platforms, supported on wheels and drawn by fifty yoke of oxen, assisted by elephants.

At dawn on the 23rd the Nawab's army moved forward, and between their dense masses and the river Clive's position was almost enveloped. Depending upon Mir Jafar's treachery, the British commander resolved to maintain a quiet defence of the grove, hoping to capture the



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM: PROFESSOR BURDON SANDERSON DELIVERING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

See "Our Illustrations."

survived. He soon received more responsible command. War having been declared against Chanda Sahib, Nawab of the Carnatic, who was supported by the French, Clive made the daring proposal to seize Arcot, the capital; and such was the fear inspired by his reputation that he actually achieved it without the loss of a man, his column consisting of merely 200 English and 300 sepoys, with three light guns. But he was not allowed to retain Arcot unchallenged. Chanda Sahib sent a large force to recover the city, but after a siege of fifty days the enemy gave up the attempt. Clive went in pursuit, and finding the Nawab's army in position at Arni, he completely routed it—a victory which added greatly to the young commander's renown.

These campaigns told severely upon Clive's health, and he came home in February 1753, apparently with no intention of returning to India. But after an ineffectual attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament he changed his mind. The Court of Directors obtained for him a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the royal army, and nominated him to the governorship of Fort St. David. Clive, with 300 infantry and three companies of artillery, landed at the latter place on June 20, 1726, a date memorable for the sad tragedy in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The Nawab Suraj-ud-Dowlah, Subahdar of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, had seized and plundered the English factory near Murshidabad, and thence proceeded to Calcutta, which he captured after four days. Part of the English garrison escaped, but 145 men and one lady

marched his army to Plassey, where he had formed an entrenched camp. He had 50,000 infantry, variously armed, and with little cohesion; the cavalry numbered 18,000, and there were fifty-three guns. A small party of Frenchmen, under M. St. Frais, was also present. Clive's army assembled at Chandranagar, which he left on June 13 with 900 Europeans, 2100 sepoys, and about 250 others. For artillery he had eight 6-pounder guns and two howitzers. Palti, on the western bank of the Kasimbazar River, was reached on the 16th, and a short march brought the force in proximity to Katwa. The Governor of the place made a feeble resistance, and retired, leaving his supplies in the hands of Major Eyre Coote. Clive now halted. The daring enterprise which he had undertaken depended for its success upon the treachery of Mir Jafar. At a distance of 150 miles from his base, to cross a river without fords, in the presence of an enemy in overwhelming numbers, was a task which even the hero of Arcot shrank from. His anxiety, however, was relieved by a letter he received on the 20th, which proved that Mir Jafar might be relied on. A council of war was thereupon summoned, when the question was submitted whether they should hazard the passage of the river or fortify themselves at Katwa and await events. Coote and six others voted for the advance, while Clive and twelve others were in favour of delay. On reflection, Clive thought it more desirable to fight. At daybreak on the 22nd the passage of the river began,

camp by a night attack. The Nawab continued his efforts till noon, but his artillery did little damage, and he withdrew. A deluge of rain which now fell spoiled the enemy's powder, rendering his guns useless, and the death of the Nawab's most reliable general, Mir Madan, added to his ill-fortune. Just then Mir Jafar and others urged the Nawab to flee, the battle being lost. He made good his escape to Murshidabad, but was discovered, and murdered in prison. The British loss in this momentous battle was trivial—seven Europeans and sixteen sepoys killed, and thirteen Europeans and thirty-six sepoys wounded. It gave to England the fertile province of Bengal, and firmly established that foothold in India which has led up to the present great empire. The spoil taken was fabulous, Clive's own share being about half a million sterling. His further work in India was the reform of the administration.

This great soldier, who without a regular military education had done so much, returned to England in January 1767. He had to face grave charges brought against him in connection with Mir Jafar, but he vindicated his conduct before the House of Commons. Ill-health and worry, however, affected his reason, and the man who had so often faced death on the field ended his career by his own hand with a penknife in November 1774, leaving to his countrymen an example of lofty endeavour and heroic achievement, having founded an empire whose value to England it is impossible to estimate.

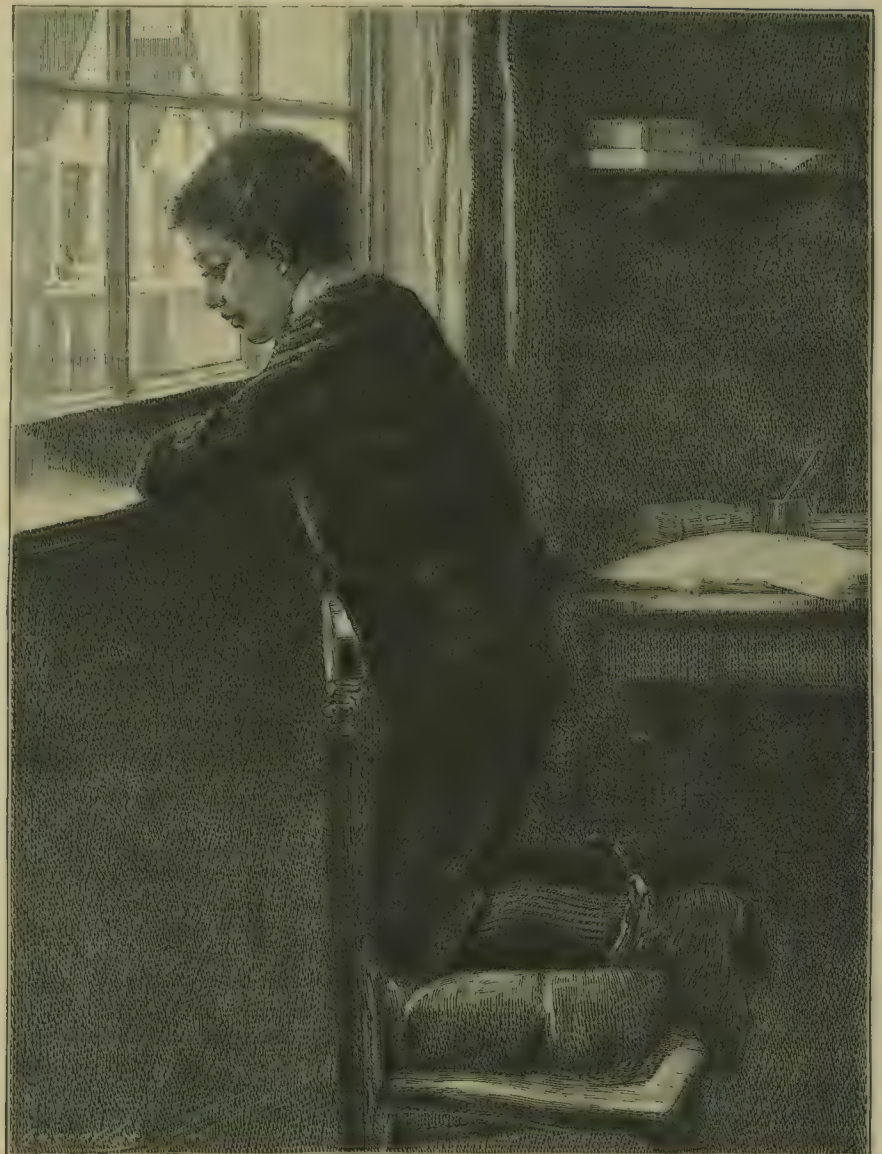


FOUR RULES OF ARITHMETIC.

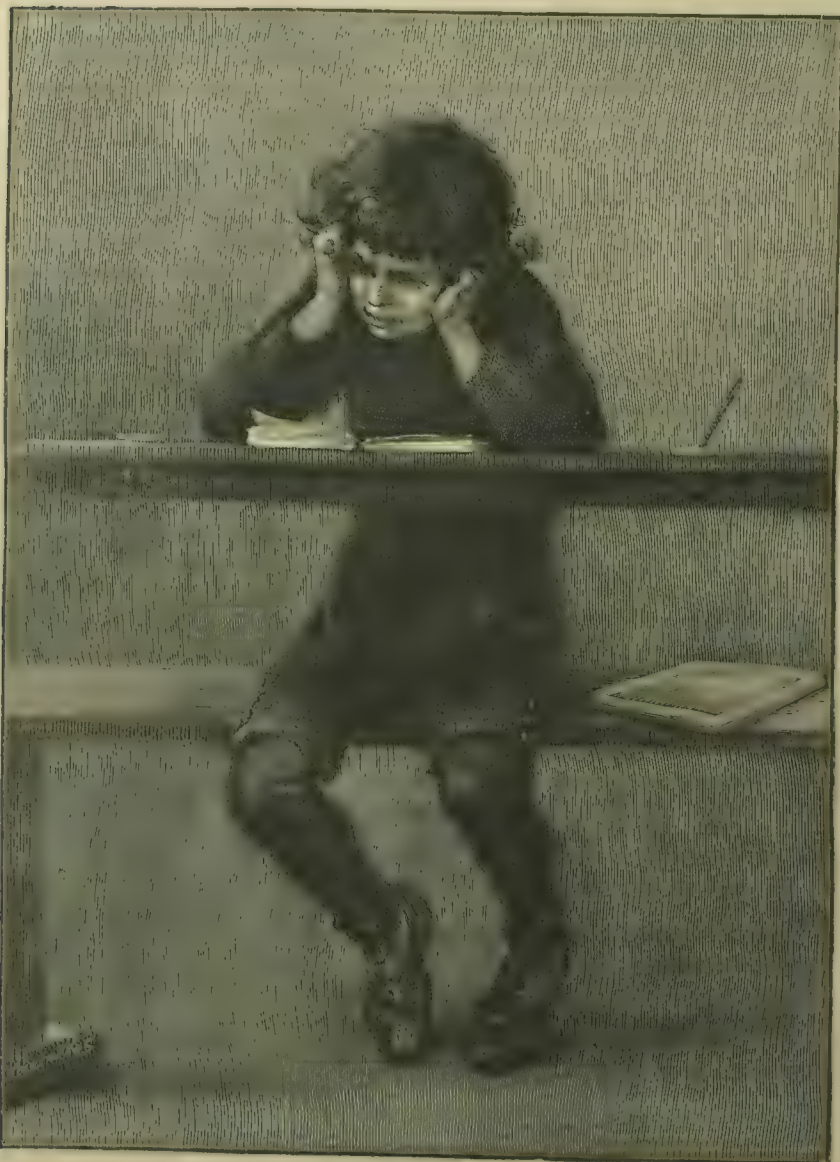
DRAWN BY MISS J. LOVERING.



*"Multiplication is vexation—"*



*Division is as bad.*



*The Rule of Three doth puzzle me—*



*And practice drives me mad."*



## IN THE MARCHES.—No. III. CHURCH STRETTON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The immediate neighbourhood of Shrewsbury is without doubt most attractive, and a few miles away from it the scenery gains in beauty; but until we reached Church

parts of this sequestered hill-girt valley. On a cloudy day, with sunny intervals, the varied hues on these hills are enchanting, and a landscape painter would here find plenty of employment for his brush.

If you walk back again to the high road, and keep on towards Shrewsbury, in little more than a mile you come to All Stretton, a straggling picturesque village.

Going along the road to this village you see the bold lofty crest of the hill, Caer Caradoc, standing out on the right. Shortly before All Stretton is reached a path turns from the high road and leads to the foot of the hill. The day I walked up Caer Caradoc there was a very strong wind, which blew harder as I went higher. Soon after beginning the ascent the country opened out to view, and before long the huge round-shaped mass of the Wrekin was visible. The upper part of Caer Caradoc is almost covered with turf and a great quantity of stunted bracken. The wind blew

yet harder as I climbed; several times before I reached the top I was blown back and forced to pause; on the top itself the wind was so strong that I was afraid to linger lest I should be blown down altogether; it was not difficult as I went up to fancy that the wind was possessed, and was trying its utmost to hurl me down the steep side of the hill.

The view from the top, though rather misty, was splendid; on a clear day parts of many counties are visible. To the north-east the rounded mass of the Wrekin loomed out with much grandeur, but due north Shrewsbury was lost in the mist; on the west, slightly to the south, stretched out the range of the Longmynd, with Church Stretton snugly placed at its foot. There are several bold rocks jutting out on the top of Caer Caradoc; remains of British camps are to be traced there, and the so-called cave of Caractacus is near the summit; it is said that on the top of this hill he made his last stand against the Romans.

I came down the hill on the side leading more directly to Church Stretton. Near the bottom there was a lane between high banks; the quantity of rain which had fallen had made this narrow way very muddy, and small streams of water ran down it in ever increasing volume until at last it became a question of wading rather than of

either hand the green of the undulating meadows glowed more vividly; it was a typical English Sunday evening full of peace and beauty. Another delightful walk can be taken along the Ludlow road to Little Stretton, about a mile and a half south of Church Stretton. For idyllic charm I know of few villages which can rival Little Stretton; it is a straggling place, several of the cottages are delightfully overgrown with roses and creepers, and are scattered about in picturesque fashion on the banks of a winding brook; the little stream is of considerable breadth, and over it are several plank-bridges. The cottagers seemed pleasant and ready to talk, and at the first glance you would think that the life of these villagers might be one of almost perfect peace and happiness; but there are "snakes in the grass," for although it is a tiny place, it has three, if not more, inns, and we met a man reeling along hopelessly drunk. An amusing story has been related about James II.



THE CHURCH AT CHURCH STRETTON.

Stretton, a little town about thirteen miles to the south, we had not realised the full charm of this part of Shropshire.

The ground rises a good deal in the course of the short railway journey from Shrewsbury, the hills become more and more picturesque, the country more shut in by them, and as the train approached the station we saw on the right the idyllic little church-crowned town of Church Stretton, nestling under the lofty stretches of the Longmynd ridge. On leaving the train we were at once aware of a delightful freshness and exhilaration, and recognised that we were in mountain air. We saw on every side beautiful and romantic scenery; indeed, the lover of pure landscape will find nearly all he can wish for in and around this sequestered little town.

The new hotel, built a few years ago, adds materially to the attractions of Church Stretton; it is not large, but for simple homelike comfort and good management there cannot be many country hotels to equal it. All the members of the establishment seemed to vie with one another in attention to the guests and in trying to make them forget that they were in an hotel. The waiter was a wonder: he cheerfully did the work of half-a-dozen men and never seemed to tire. The large and well-planned garden lies at the back of the house; the whole place, indeed, is a true haven of rest to the weary in brain and body.

The walks near and about Church Stretton seem almost endless, and among these the loveliest is, perhaps, the walk through the Carding Mill Valley. We followed for a short



RUINS OF BUILDWAS ABBEY.

distance the road that goes north towards Shrewsbury, and then turned off on the left till we reached a gate. Through this we found ourselves in one of the winding valleys of the Longmynd. It was the end of August, but the weather had been rainy, and a rushing mountain torrent dashed by us at the foot of the steeply rising hills, now golden with brilliant gorse; rosy ling and lustrous green bracken mingled profusely with the gorse. Smaller streams poured down the steep sides of the hills and helped to swell the torrent below as it dashed and foamed with wild recklessness over stones and boulders of rock. Besides the ling and bracken there was a great variety of wild flowers, and several of the rarer ferns, including *Oreopteris montana*.

The Carding Mill stands in one of the most beautiful

walking. But the lane was exceedingly pretty: the banks were full of beautiful ferns, and often the tree-branches from each side met in fantastic embraces overhead. The lane finally led into the Hope Bowdler road, a few hundred yards from our hotel.

Hope Bowdler is a village about two miles from Church Stretton; on the way to it by the high road



VILLAGE OF CHURCH STRETTON.



THE ABBEY OF HAUGHMOND.



and the three Strettons. The story is told in Owen and Blakeway's "History of Shrewsbury," and enlarged in "Shropshire Folk-Lore," the production of two ladies, Georgina F. Jackson and Charlotte S. Burne:—

"In August 1687, when travelling from Ludlow to Shrewsbury, he stopped at a small village and asked its name. 'Stretton,' he was told.

" 'Well, it is a little Stretton,' he said, and ever afterwards the place has been called Little Stretton.

"The king went on, and about a mile and a half further along the road, he came to another village.

" 'What is the name of this place?' said James.

" 'Stretton,' they told him.

" 'Ah,' said the king, looking at the church, 'I see it is a church Stretton'; and ever after the place has had the name Church Stretton.

"On went King James two miles further, until he came to another very small village.

" 'Well, and what do you call this?' he said to one of the people.

" 'Stretton,' said the man.

" 'Why, bless me! they are all Strettons about here!' shouted the king; and ever since the village has gone by the name of All Stretton."

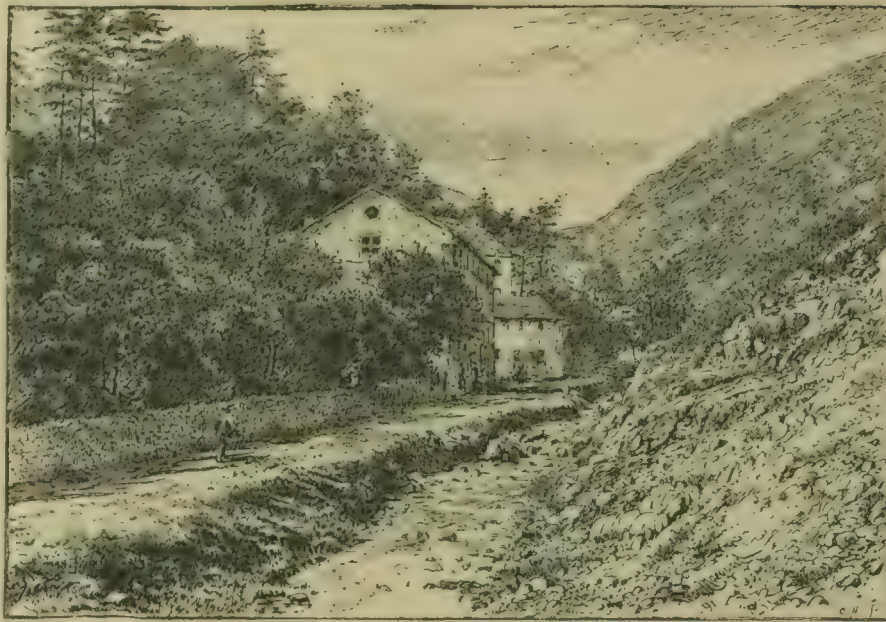
The name All Stretton is really only a corruption of Eald Stretton, which was the oldest of the three "tons" or enclosed collections of houses.

The beautiful ruins of Much Wenlock Priory are about twelve or thirteen miles from Church Stretton, along the road that leads to Hope Bowdler. The Priory was founded by Roger de Montgomery at the end of the eleventh century. The ruins are of considerable extent; the colour of the stone is particularly rich, and a great deal of the carving is elaborate; the chapter-house is most interesting, and has a series of beautiful interlaced arches. In its famous days the Priory was one of the richest and most splendid in this country, and part of it is still occupied by its owner.



RUINS OF MUCH WENLOCK PRIORY.

From Much Wenlock a beautiful walk of four or five miles leads to the ruins of Buildwas Abbey. The road is hilly and winds along beside a murmuring stream; there are fine views of the Wrekin and of other hills. In the hedgerows we saw many wild flowers, including a great number of the campanula tribe. Buildwas was a Cistercian monastery. The church, built in the twelfth century, is a fine example of the Transition period. The material is sandstone, of a rich grey and yellow tint; the walls are overgrown with ivy, weeds, and small trees. The Abbey is beautifully situated close to the Severn and is surrounded by steep hills. A great deal of the church has been destroyed; the walls of the nave, of the choir, and of the transepts still stand, but the north and south aisles of the nave have almost disappeared, the principal remains of them are at the west end. There are six pillars on each side of the nave, exclusive of the pillars supporting the tower. The pillar on the south, nearest the tower pillar, is octagonal, the corresponding pillar on the north is circular on its west side, while on its east side it has three parts of an octagon; the other ten pillars of the nave are circular. At the east end of the church are three tall and narrow circular-headed windows. The church, though beautiful, is small; it is only 163 ft. long by about 27 ft.



THE CARDING MILL, CHURCH STRETTON.

wide. The chapter-house, on the north, is large for the size of the church; it has some beautiful vaulting in nine divisions, which rests upon four graceful pillars: owing to the darkness and damp the walls and pillars have taken fine green-grey tints. In front of the chapter-house are three circular arches, ornamented. The Abbey is not more than half a mile from Buildwas Junction, and from this station trains run to Wellington, Shrewsbury, Much Wenlock, and Craven Arms.

Rather more than seven miles due south of Church Stretton, in a sequestered valley among beautiful scenery, stands Stokesay Castle, a fortified domestic building of the thirteenth century, probably the best preserved specimen that exists in England of a building of this kind and period. It is less than a mile from Craven Arms Station, and is only a few hundred yards from the railway line. As we looked at it bathed in mellow August sunshine, it seemed to us an ideal old English dwelling-house. We came first to the little picturesque church with its Norman south portal and its churchyard. Adjoining this, and divided from it by a grey ivy-grown wall, is the castle, surrounded by a moat, now dry and partly filled with potatoes and apple-trees. The approach to the castle court is through a timber gate-house, dating

from the end of the sixteenth century. Time and rough weather have greatly beautified this gate-house; the carving on it, though rather spoilt by whitewash, is unusually rich and delicate. Among the figures over the doorway are those of Adam and Eve, and close to them can be seen the serpent and the tree of knowledge. Passing through the gate-house we found ourselves in the turfed castle court; opposite to us was the great hall, a finely proportioned apartment 53 ft. long by 31 ft. wide and 34 ft. high, the roof supported by very massive beams. At the north end of the hall is the lower part of the old

of steps to the solar or withdrawing room; two small openings have been pierced in the wall, and through them it is possible to see into the hall below. The walls of the solar were at one time completely panelled with oak; a good deal of it still remains, and there are still to be seen traces of the paint and gold with which the oak was decorated. The massive oak chimney-piece, of the time of Charles II. or James II., is very richly carved with figures and scroll-work, and forms an interesting example of the carving of the period. The large south tower is close to the solar; each of the three storeys holds a good-sized room; in the ceiling of the room on the second floor are two gigantic beams. The walls of the tower are six feet thick, and the staircase which leads from one floor to another is made in the thickness of the wall. The roof is well leaded, and from it, through the battlements, there are delightful peeps of the surrounding country and the river Ony, which flows close by.

The Manor of Stoke at one time belonged to Roger de Montgomery; it fell into the hands of the Crown again, and was granted to the De Lacy's, who in the twelfth century gave it to the De Sais; the name of the last family, joined with Stoke, gives us Stokesay, and by this name the manor has since been known. G. S. M.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis is said to be delivering a course of lectures in Chicago during the present month. I understand that it is doubtful whether, as is reported, he will undertake editorial work on his return to London.

A memorial is to be raised in the churches in Bexley to the late Rev. Professor Fuller, the vicar of the parish, whose sudden death was chronicled a few weeks ago in this Journal. As is justly said, "there are doubtless many friends of the late vicar other than those now resident in Bexley who would gladly embrace the opportunity now offered them of paying a tribute to the memory of one whose great ability as a scholar and extreme courtesy and kindness of heart are well known far beyond the limits of the village in which he lived and laboured for nineteen years." Mr. Ernest Sharp, of Hurst Lodge, Bexley Heath, will receive contributions.

The Queen's favourite among her Scottish chaplains is said to be Dr. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, the brother of the famous Norman Macleod. Dr. Donald Macleod, though not a man of genius or a specially eloquent preacher, is sagacious and able, especially in matters of business, and deservedly occupies a high position in Glasgow. He succeeded his brother as editor of *Good Words*, which is well maintained, in spite of the growing competition.

Sir Edward Russell, the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, is to be one of the speakers at the Carlisle Diocesan Conference. Sir Edward is a Liberationist in principle, but is deeply interested in Church work and progress.

The Bishop of St. Davids says that the House of Lords does not call him away as much as a week in the year. He counsels the Welsh clergy to keep to their parochial duties as much as possible. "By doing our proper work we shall be defending the Church and doing work far more effectual than any organisation or agitation."

Professor G. T. Stokes, of the University of Dublin, will deliver the St. Asaph lectures in the Cathedral during Whitsun week of 1894. His subject is "The Celtic Church in Wales."

Some of the ablest literary articles in the *Church Quarterly Review*, including papers on Swift and "The Journalist in Fiction," are written by Mr. S. L. Gwynn, son of the Rev. Professor Gwynn, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, the well known Syriac scholar. Ireland comes more and more to the front in literature.

The Bishop of Norwich has been complaining of the scanty contributions of the laity to the sustentation of the clergy. He says that there is no community in which the laity give so little for that purpose as the laity of the Established Church.

The restoration of the Elder Lady Chapel in Bristol Cathedral is now nearly completed, and it is hoped that it will be ready for use in October. The tower restoration proceeds satisfactorily, though slowly.



CARDING MILL VALLEY, CHURCH STRETTON.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The battle about heredity, and whether or not characters acquired by the parents can be transmitted to the offspring, proceeds merrily. Scientists are divided over this question. On the one hand, the disciples of Dr. Weismann deny the possibility of such transmission; while their opponents regard the handing on of parental acquired characters as not only a possible, but a natural process of the vital economy. This is an old story to my readers, and I have already given my reasons for casting in my lot with the latter party. I may be quite wrong in my opinions, of course, but if so, I sin in good company.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, co-worker with Darwin himself, has lately placed on record a very valuable and singularly interesting suggestion regarding the influence on children's character of the parental mind. If my memory serves me aright, Dr. Wallace leans to Weismann's view of matters. His contribution to which I allude (published in *Nature*) tends to show that in the sphere of mental influence of parents on their offspring's character, at least, he is open to admit the validity of the "other side" of the heredity question. If there is any reality at all in the instances Dr. Wallace records—he says rightly, "They seem to afford grounds for further investigation"—then the influence of the parents in regard to the transmission of ordinary acquired characters cannot surely be put out of court, as some biologists would maintain, as "entirely unsupported by any trustworthy facts."

Dr. Wallace's recital begins with the mention of an instance quoted by George or Andrew Combe (I think it is George Combe who mentions the circumstance), in which the character of a child appeared to have been affected by the pre-natal studies of the mother. This item becomes interesting in view of the fact that, after a perusal of Dr. Wallace's articles on the question of the inheritance of acquired characters, an Australian lady wrote him on the subject of the influence of the parental mind on the unborn offspring. Some of the details given by this correspondent with reference to her own experiences, and to those of another lady, will be read with deep interest by every intelligent person interested in the problems of heredity, and in what may fitly be called the romance of science.

The first cases are those of the correspondent's own children. Her first child, a girl, is now twenty-two years of age. She exhibits a special aptitude for sewing, planning, and cutting out. Before her birth, the mother, passing to reside in a new country, had to plan and sew for herself. The girl has also a strong aptitude for history, which the mother traces to her own study of *Froude*. The girl's other tastes for art and literature are "distinctly hereditary." A second child, also a daughter, has marked literary tastes, and at six years of age, used to read and enjoy Tennyson's ballads. She is a B.A. of the Sydney University, taking her degree when barely twenty. Before her birth, the mother had interested herself in literary pursuits.

The third child was a boy. Prior to his birth, the current of the family life had changed. The mother had no time for literary studies, or other "studious pursuits," and her occupations were more mechanical in character than at any previous time. The boy "does not inherit the studious tastes of his sisters at all." He is intelligent and persevering, but prefers outdoor work or handicraft to study. This most intelligent mother next passes to the experience of her friend in support of the idea that parental influences may be thus clearly and directly handed on to the children. This friend, before the birth of her eldest girl, took to the study and practice of ornithology, and did a good deal of bird-stuffing as well. At the age of three years the girl shows an intense desire to study insects and other animals, and later on, takes to dissecting them. This predilection for natural history studies still remains with the girl. The next child, a boy, exhibits a marked liking for medical and surgical studies, and often expresses the wish that he had been "made a surgeon." Prior to his birth, the mother, strangely enough, had nursed a friend suffering from an accident for three months. On the theory of pre-natal influences, the nursing and surgical duties of the mother are accountable for the lad's strong bias towards medical studies.

The third child, a girl, exhibits artistic tastes of unmistakable nature. She draws well and excels "in artistic talent of many kinds." The mother's life, prior to her birth, is described as having been idyllic in character; her parents then "did nothing but fish, catch butterflies and paint them. At least," adds the mother, "my husband painted them after I had caught them, and mixed his colours." There may be direct heredity here, of course. The fourth child is a "most prudent, economical girl, a splendid housekeeper, and a good cook, and will work till she drops, but has no taste for reading, and seems to gain knowledge by suction." Before the birth of this child, the mother had experienced many trials. Her husband fell ill of fever, and she had to nurse him without help of any kind. The family also sustained losses by floods, "I don't know how I got through that year," adds the mother, "but I had no time for reading."

I confess these recitals are to me startling as well as deeply interesting. It may be said, and possibly will be said, that the mothers are only "wise after the event" when all is said and done. But there is such a singular correspondence of exact kind between the characters of the respective children and the occupations which engaged the mothers' attention prior to their birth, that it is impossible to dispose of the cases thus related on the convenient supposition that the facts have been dovetailed into their places and made to fit the mothers' theory. Dr. Wallace remarks that materials must exist in family records and experiences for determining whether there is anything in the idea thus promulgated of pre-natal influence on character. I shall be glad to hear what my readers have to say on the subject, and to consider, in confidence, any histories which may be sent me. My readers will please to bear in mind that we want accurately recorded facts as the stones wherewith the scientific edifice may be builded.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs W J Baird.—You will have learnt by this time your letter was anticipated. We are pleased to receive the further contributions, and congratulate you on your continued success.

C M.—Paragraph unfortunately crowded out last week.

C Deville.—We do not know. Try a letter addressed to the City Chess Club, Guildhall Tavern, E.C.

C E Perugini.—The young composer of No. 2579 will be pleased with your commendation.

JEFF ALLEN.—Your two-move problem is marked for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2575 received from: Lucinda Simoes (Caldas); of 2576 from Baptista Machado, Lucinda Simoes, and Josepha d'Oliveira; of No. 2577 from W T R (New Mills) and M A Eyre; of No. 2578 from Blair Cochrane (Clew), H F W Lane, J D Tucker (Leeds), D Miller (Penzance), W F Payne, and Elwin Barnish (Rochdale).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2579 received from R H Brooks, T G (Ware), T Roberts, A Newman, Charles Burnett, W F Payne, J D Tucker, H T W Lane (Stroud), Admiral Brandreth, W Wright, Digamma, Rev H J Marshall (Beaford), B D Knox, Howich, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Martin F, E Louden, Julia Short (Exeter), C E Perugini, W R Raille, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), L Desanges, M Burke, E E H, Sorrento, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, Andrew B Grant, J Coad, G Jocey, Alpha, F J Knight, R Worters (Canterbury), Dawn, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), A T Plowman, Blair Cochrane, and D H Ivey (Liverpool).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2578.—By D. E. H. NOYES.

WHITE. BLACK.

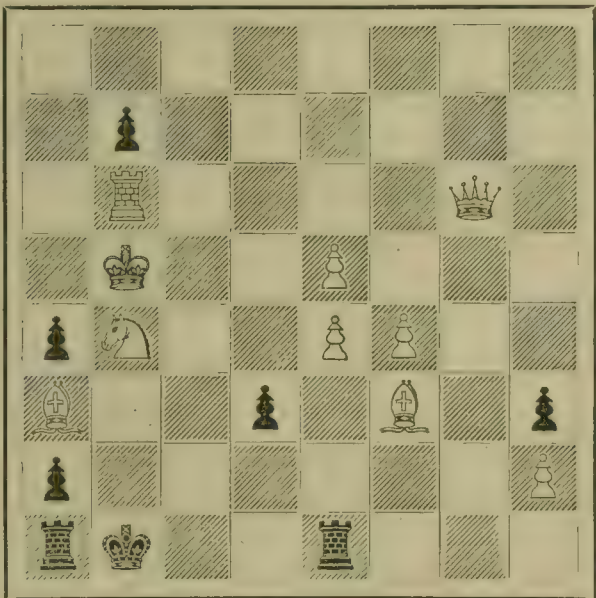
1. B to Kt 6th Any move

2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2581.

By E. B. SCHWANN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. FRASER, of Downfield, and HART, of Hull.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. P to K 5th	P to K B 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	19. P to Q 5th	
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 5th (ch)		
4. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)		
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q R 3rd		
A letter move here seems to be B to Q 3rd.			
7. Q to K sq			
This somewhat novel and forcible reply leads to a very animated game.			
8. K takes Q	Q takes Q (ch)		
9. Kt takes P (ch)	Kt to K 5th		
10. Kt takes R	Kt to Q sq		
11. K to Q sq	Kt takes P (ch)		
12. P to Q 4th	Kt takes R		
13. B to Q 2nd	P to K Kt 4th		
14. B to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
15. B to Q B 4th	B to K 2nd		
16. K to Q B sq	Kt to B 3rd		
Preserving the valuable central Pawn, and at the same time making room for co-operation for the Rook at Q sq.			
16. B takes Kt			
17. P takes B	K to B sq		
		20. B takes Kt	Kt takes P
		21. P to Q 6th	P takes B
		22. Kt to B 7th	K to Q 2nd
		23. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K takes P
		24. B to K 2nd	K to B 4th
			P to Kt 5th
		Intending, should the Pawn be taken, to follow up with P to B 6th, when a draw would likely to be the result.	
		25. Kt to Q B 3rd	P takes P
		26. B takes P	R to Q sq
		27. K to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 6th
		28. P takes Kt	P to Kt 3rd
		29. K to B 2nd	R to Q 2nd
		30. P to K R 4th	K to Q 3rd
		31. R to Q sq (ch)	K to K 2nd
		32. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
		33. K to Q 3rd	K to Q 3rd
		34. K to B 4th	P to Q R 3rd
		35. Kt to K 4th (ch)	Resigns.

The results of problem tourneys are almost becoming stereotyped, at least so far as the first prize is concerned. That held in the column of the *Cricketer* and *Football Field* has just been decided as follows: 1st, Mrs. W. J. Baird; 2nd, H. A. Wood; 3rd, F. Pickup.

The following problem, by A. F. Mackenzie (Jamaica), has gained the first prize in the Dublin *Saturday Herald* tourney. Solutions will be acknowledged—

White: K at Q R sq, Q at Q B 8th, Rs at Q 4th and K Kt 6th, Kt at Q R 3rd, Bs at Q B 4th and Q 8th, Ps at K 2nd, K R 2nd, Q Kt 2nd, and K 6th.

Black: K at K 4th, Kts at K B 3rd and K Kt 5th, Ps at Q B 4th, K B 4th, K Kt 4th, Q Kt 3rd and 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

We have received from the British Chess Company the latest addition to their useful handbook series, a little volume entitled "Index to the Chess Openings." It proposes to supply a want most chess-players feel, enabling them to name the opening from given moves, or give the moves of a name! opening. Clearly printed, with a capital series of illustrated diagrams, this pamphlet ought to command a ready sale.

In announcing the issue early in October of the seventh edition of the "Chess-Player's Annual and Club Directory," the same company invites the aid of experts in establishing a British Chess Code, and to that end offers for the best suggestion a prize of two guineas. Competitors must address their communications to the company not later than Dec. 7.

The match between Messrs. Hodges and Alpin, which was regarded with considerable interest on both sides of the Atlantic, has resulted in a draw, the contest being abandoned when the score stood four all. It cannot be said the play was up to expectation, and we doubt whether the real form of either of these masters was fully displayed on this occasion.

Some English and Continental masters have found their way to New York, notwithstanding the collapse of the proposed Congress, and the representatives of the Old World may be expected to give a good account of themselves should opportunity serve. At the same time in Messrs. Hodges, Delmar, and Hanham and others, the credit of Columbian chess is in very safe keeping.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Every time that the change of season makes us expect an alteration in fashions we are threatened by some prophets with the absolute copying of "early Victorian" styles. It is too early still to know what the coming winter is going to do with us in this respect, but there is reason to think that this period will be, at any rate, the model for us. The fashionable sleeve is pretty certain to be a sloping-shouldered one, with the fullness no longer, as heretofore, above the elbow, but drooping down below it—the real "leg-o'-mutton" that so far we have had only hinted at in our attire. Then, what is quite certain is that ermine is the fashionable fur that is coming on when the day for such wraps arrives. It is a charming fur to wear, but, as we all know, it has been quite out of fashion since "early Victorian" times.

Ermine "tippets," I find, are being made almost exclusively as the next winter fur wraps. The tippets in question are generally full and short round the shoulders, with long ends in front, narrowing to the ground. The fur is also being prepared to trim velvet mantles, and it is said that the combination of sealskin and ermine will not be unknown. Its pure whiteness is charming beside a fresh young face. Moreover, though it is a costly fur, it is not so hopelessly expensive as sealskin is going to be. We must all take care of such seal garments as we may possess, for only the wives of plutocrats can afford its present and prospective price. It seems that the settlement of the disputes between the American and Canadian sealers that has been effected by the Bering Sea arbitration, recently finished, will not at present make the skins of commerce any cheaper, though it ought to have that effect in the long run. The arbitration was in part devoted to the needful arrangements to prevent the reckless killing of the mother seals at the time of year when their young can not yet provide for their own support. This course, though as cruel as it was foolish, has been pursued for some time by the sealers, and is in large degree the cause of the present high price of the skins. But even though the rules drawn up by the two Governments for the seal-fishing may, and certainly should, in the long run improve matters, it is not, I am informed, to be expected that the improvement will be immediately apparent. This coming winter the fur will be probably dearer than ever—which, of course, will not diminish its fashionable favour, but the reverse.

Miss Emily Faithfull, in the very interesting and always original column that she contributes weekly to the *Lady's Pictorial*, has suggested that it should be a household rule that girls should always have some contribution to make to the family conversation at table. A father whom she knew "was wise enough to make 'something to say' a condition of the girls' being eligible for the late dinner. He expected each of them to contribute something to the conversation. . . . and consequently every one of them became noted in after-life as a delightful talker." There can be no doubt that the power of easy, graceful, "give-and-take" conversation is improved by exercise, and there are few pleasures of social life so great as real conversation; not the mere shallow rapid chatter that has too often to pass for conversation in our crowded, noisy, interrupted "at-homes." But it is open to some doubt if the power of conversation can be acquired in the forcible fashion to which Miss Faithfull refers. It is most desirable to cultivate it by encouraging young people to talk freely, so long, and only so long, as they manage to be sensible and courteous, even if gay, in the family circle. It is too often the case that the girls of a family are snubbed and checked instead of being allowed to give their opinions, and encouraged by having their observations treated with the respect due to rational beings, by father and brothers. It is one of the chief distinctions between high and middle-class manners, is this point of encouraging the women to talk, and receiving what they say as politely and appreciatively as the men's talk. Women of the upper classes are expected to talk as well as they can. Among the English *bourgeoisie*, though they do not go quite the length of the Japanese in forbidding a woman ever to join in a general conversation unless specially addressed by one of the men, it is evidently very often a sort of unspoken law that the women shall not take a leading part in the conversation. In France and America there is none of this idea of propriety, and the freedom from it has much to do with the greater apparent brightness of middle-aged women in those countries. A young woman can usually charm by being pretty and young alone. But it is a sad case for one to lose the bloom that pleases without effort if she have not so far cultivated both her mind and her powers of expressing it as to interest in some other form when the charm of mere youth leaves her—and that, alas! is so soon.

But, though I agree with Miss Faithfull in thinking the art of conversation a most important one for a woman to acquire, I doubt if a girl is best trained in it by being obliged to talk. There is an entertaining contribution to the discussion in hand in an incident in Frederika Bremer's "Neighbours." (By the way, does anybody now read that once famous authoress? To my thinking, she is the only rival that Jane Austen has ever had.) She draws a moving picture of the contracted existence of six sisters in a Swedish country house. The father, a rich man, thought that all these girls should do nothing but weave, spin, and look after the kitchen; but he required each of them, nevertheless, to contribute to after-dinner conversation. The poor creatures, therefore, stored up anxiously any incident that they encountered. One day they all saw from the windows a drove of little pigs run into their yard, and be chased about it by the dogs. "This precious occurrence of real life was preserved during the day in our memory." It chanced they entered the drawing-room singly after dinner, and "Anna Maria, the first who took her place, told the story of the sucking-pigs and the dogs; also Lotta, who came after her; also Lisa, who came after her; also Josepha, who came after her; also Grete Marie, who came after her. Then I came to take my place beside the stove, and began to relate the story; my father interrupted me rather petulantly, 'This is now the sixth time that I am hearing about the sucking-pigs and the dogs.'"



## RECENT MUSIC.

The society craze for skirt-dancing has called forth a swarm of "barn dances," as they are called, in the jigging 12-8 time of the *Gaiety pas de quatre*. Duchesses may now, if they please—

Trip it as they go,  
On the light fantastic toe,

to the strains of Mr. Jasper Vale-Lane's "New American Barn Dance" (W. Morley and Co.), which is very tolerable, or his "Second New American Barn Dance," which is rather better. Or they may follow in the steps of Miss Frankie Milton, and "dance with great success" Mr. Vedder Leo's "Barleycorn Barn Dance" (J. and J. Hopkinson), which has more of the piquancy and freakishness proper to the dance. A "Farm Dance," by Leonard Gautier (Metzler and Co.) has a well-marked melody, tasteful in its way; and the "Trincea Barn Dance," by Val. Creswick-Pulford (Hart and Co.), is the best possible contrast to Alphonse Cary's "Celebrated" American Barn Dance (Alphonse Cary), which is dry, mechanical, and like an exercise. A little touch of variety is introduced in H. Elliot Lath's "Prairie Flowers Barn Dance" (Kay and Co.), which is in schottische time, with a more staccato effect, more sudden pauses; and the variety is a pleasant one, for the barn dance affords a terrible opportunity for monotony.

Turning from the newest American fashion to "the favour and the prettiness" of old-fashioned gavottes, minuets, and the like, we come at once into a region in which good music is a somewhat more possible growth; and in the "Maintenon" gavotte (Ascherberg) and the "Ninon" pavane (A. Hays) of Gustave Michiels we have really charming pieces, with something of the plaintive and precise note of old harpsichord music. The gavotte and musette from the Suite in G of Francesco Berger (Novello) are interesting and accomplished, but distinctly difficult. "Evelyn," an impromptu gavotte by S. Szarvady (Forsyth Bros.) is a striking and curious piece, in which almost the very melody of a *csardás* is worked into the form of a gavotte. A minuet by B. Palmieri (R. Cocks and Co.) is bright and pretty, somewhat original. Theo. Bonheur's "Genoviève" gavotte (Charles Tuckwood) is, in a different way, equally pretty, but it is not in the least an old-fashioned way, rather the way of comic opera. The same composer's "Jolie Pas" (H. Leonard) is quite rightly described as "danse piquante," and his "Philomène" (A. Cary) as a "graceful dance"; his "Dance of the Goblins" (A. Cary) is perhaps the best of an unusually charming trio, and is deliciously elvish and tinkling. A "Rustic Dance," by L. M. Kerr (A. Hays), aims, commendably enough, at a rustic simplicity; but simplicity need not mean poverty. Alfred Le Beau's "Farandole" (Metzler and Co.) is distinctly showy and brilliant, with a taking melody; M. Sealé's "Tarantella" (Charles Woolhouse) a little colourless. Edward German's "Three Dances from Henry VIII." (Novello) will be familiar to most people, after the performances at the Lyceum; the Morris-Dance has something of the charming prim quaintness of Grieg, the Shepherd's Dance has caught

the old English note very charmingly, and the Torch Dance has the bold outline, the sharp effectiveness, of a pictorial stage dance, such as it is meant to be.

Why is it that waltzes are always so absurdly decked out in coats of many colours? Why is it that they generally bear the portraits of sentimental females in saint-like and Sant-like attitudes? And why is it that they are mostly so much alike, only that you can have some plain and you must have others coloured? Charles Godfrey's "Braganza" (R. Cocks and Co.) has a certain loud and brassy character of its own, so evidently written by the bandmaster of the Horse Guards, for brass. "La Triomphe," by Juan Gomez (Phillips and Page) is another of the martial Spanish order, and it lives up to its truculent toreador on the cover. In "Sabrina" (Metzler and Co.) we return to Vale-Lane, and the sentimental order of things. Sabrina, when she sat for her portrait, had apparently been bathing, and had not yet dried her hair. The lady of "Devotions," by Fabian Rose (Phillips and Page), a really pretty waltz, which begins with the verse of a song, and has a singing note in it all through, is singularly represented, for so devout a person, with a penny Japanese fan in her hand and a coquettish rose in her hair. "Paulina," by Cyril Dare (W. Morley and Co.), is the usual article, neither more nor less; "Printania," by George Couvelart (Chappell and Co.), has a certain pleasant quality of its own; and Gustave Michiels's "Valse Hongroise" (A. Hays) is really remarkable for its fire, originality, and variety. "White Heather," by J. A. Westwood Oliver (Chappell and Co.), is a bad specimen of the "favourite airs" concoction—a tiresome massacre. McEvoy's "Rêve après le Bal" (Duff and Stewart), a sort of fantasia waltz, is a relief after "White Heather," but it is only faintly pretty. "Ninette," by Theo. Bonheur (Charles Tuckwood), is pretty in quite a nice kind of sentiment, a true Ninette; and Poplewell Royle's "Salammbô," though not so good as the same composer's "Toreador," has a certain amount of character. Albeniz's "Première Valse de Salon" (Joseph Williams) is a delightfully exotic variation on the familiar waltz rhythm; it is full of charm and originality, as, indeed, one would expect from so accomplished a musician.

The "Fin-de-Siècle March" of Harold Saxon (Kay and Co.) has a certain agreeable swing in its rhythm, but if Mr. Saxon imagines that he is *fin-de-siècle* he is very much mistaken. The "Marche Joyeuse" of Gustave Michiels (A. Hays) answers much better to its name: it is gay and quaint and dainty. Christiana Thompson's "Funeral March" (Charles Woolhouse) is distinctly good, really impressive and original. From Messrs. Metzler we have received an album of famous marches, including Gounod's "Reine de Saba." From Messrs. Forsyth Brothers come two series of pieces by Nicolai von Wilm: "Drei Clavierstücke," Op. 98, and "A Musical Picture Book" in twelve numbers, Op. 102. The former contain a powerful and striking ballade, a flowing serenade, and a somewhat interesting polonaise. The latter are very easy and very charming, slight, graceful,

and dainty. Still more attractive, in a certain sense, are two albums by Arthur Somervell: "By the Sea" (J. and J. Hopkinson) and "On the River" (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.). They are full of grace and a certain kind of sweetness, and the former has a Schumann-like quality that is singularly interesting. Anton Strelezki's "Trois Morceaux" (Joseph Williams) are full of melancholy grace and a certain acute feeling, which reminds one of Chopin. The "Valse" is more like one of Chopin's waltzes than anything we have ever heard. The same composer's "Three Pieces for the Pianoforte" (Novello) have the same qualities and charm, especially a delightful nocturne. B. Palmieri's "Sérénade Napolitaine" (R. Cocks and Co.) has the sweet monotony of the popular songs of Naples. Claudius H. Couldery's "Bagatelle in G" is very merry and agreeable. "Maid of Honour," an intermezzo by Seymour Smith (Q. Hays), is a sort of march, not very interesting. Another intermezzo, by J. Maughan Barnett (J. and J. Hopkinson), is liquid and pretty, in a mild way; as is a "Glockenspiel" of Franz Behr (A. Cary), in a tricky sort of fashion. Albeniz's "Cuba," a Creole caprice (Joseph Williams), is a striking and unconventional piece, with a curious languid and monotonous softness; and his "Album of Miniatures" (Chappell) is a delightful set of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter pieces. Théophile Hirtmann's "Scenes of Childhood" (Metzler and Co.), a collection of nineteen easy pieces, is quaint and pleasant, as well as easy. Charles Tourville's "Fantasia on the Vicar of Bray" (Joseph Williams) is, of necessity, not very interesting; and McEvoy's "Storm at Sea" (A. Cary), with its thunderstruck cover and its non-descript contents, is, let us hope, the last as well as the latest of its kind.

The Château d'Urville, near Metz, where the Emperor of Germany has been staying during the German army manoeuvres in Lorraine, was bought not long ago by his Imperial Majesty. It dates from the time of the Valois. The court of honour is a hemicycle, and is reached by a broad avenue, bordered with trees and flowers. The façade of the building is in Renaissance style, with Mansarde roofs, at the corners small towers, and a large tower containing a clock. The ground floor has a large vestibule, a magnificent staircase, and a grand dining-room. In the first storey is a long gallery, a billiard-room, a reception-room, a library, and the private apartments.

Dr. Lunn, the energetic organiser of the Reunion Conferences, has joined the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, his work being to preside over the Swiss Conferences. It was thought at one time that he might join the Church of England, but such a step would have obviously injured his influence with Nonconformists. The notable fact that Lord Roberts has publicly apologised to the two ladies, Mrs. Andrews and Dr. Kate Bushnell, who asserted that the C.D. Acts, though repealed, are still enforced in India, is a triumph for Dr. Lunn and his party. The Indian missionaries, or at least that section mainly opposed to Dr. Lunn, were on the side of the Government.

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THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS  
AT WORCESTER.

(By Our Special Correspondent)

Continuing the story of the meeting of the Three Choirs at Worcester from our last issue, it is pleasant to record a progressive excellence. On Wednesday, Sept. 13, Bach's Mass in B minor did not attract a very large audience. The chorus started badly, but quickly recovered their tone. In the duet "Christe Eleison," there was not uniformity of pronunciation by Miss Anna Williams and Miss Hilda Wilson. The former did full justice to the air "Laudamus, &c.," and the latter was most successful in "Qui sedes." Mr. Watkin Mills delivered the air "Quoniam tu solus sanctus" with admirable fervour. The double chorus "Hosanna in excelsis" went steadily; Mr. Edwin Houghton's singing of "Benedictus qui venit," and Miss Wilson's rendering of the lovely air "Agnus Dei" both deserve praise. Sir Arthur Sullivan kindly lent the score and orchestral parts. The trumpets, made on the old German model, were skilfully manipulated. At the afternoon service by the Three Choirs, Woodward's anthem "The radiant morn hath passed away" received a fine rendering.

The public hall was crowded to suffocation in the evening for the secular concert, which always affords a vent for the applause suppressed in the sacred performances. Carl August Fischer's symphonic poem, which is but a partial realisation of the "Cathedral Scene" in Goethe's "Faust," commenced the programme. The orchestra did their best with "Gretchen im Dom," but it was not heard under favourable conditions, owing to the constant arrival of late comers. Nor is the tumultuous character of much of the work pleasing in a building like the Public Hall. The gifted composer, who died last Christmas Day, at the age of sixty-four, shows his partiality for the organ, on which he was so able an executant. With fine phrasing Mr. Lloyd sang the English version of a selection from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." He was enthusiastically recalled thrice. The orchestra was at its best in a selection of Sullivan's "Tempest" music, which was played with great delicacy under Mr. Blair's careful conductorship. The dance of the nymphs and reapers was especially well rendered. Handel's duet, "Caro più Amabile beltà" was sympathetically given by Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Plunket Greene. Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" in B minor seemed to be taken rather slowly.

Dr. Hubert Parry is responsible for the two chief novelties at this Festival. His "Job" (although it was new to Worcester) had been previously praised. But his

orchestral piece was specially composed for this meeting. The work received a first-rate interpretation, thanks to the thorough rehearsal and the enthusiasm the composer infused into the performers. It undoubtedly makes a heavy demand on players and hearers. Throughout, the strings have plenty of brilliant work, made all the more effective by constant contrasts. The slow passages are specially pleasing. There is originality without eccentricity, and the piece, which took twelve minutes to perform, adds distinctly to Dr. Parry's reputation. Needless to say, he was complimented in the most cordial fashion. Mrs. Hutchinson sang Nedda's song from "Pagliacci" with fresh charm, and then Mr. Lloyd gave "Regret" and "Through the Night," by Schubert, in his immaculate style. Dvorak's Slavonic dances, with their vivid intensity, were played brilliantly by the orchestra. Mr. Plunket Greene next sang three old Irish melodies, earning much applause deservedly. With the overture to Mozart's "Figaro" a pleasant concert concluded.

It was a wise policy to give the Worcester folks a chance of endorsing the verdict pronounced at Gloucester on Dr. Hubert Parry's cantata, "Job." It received nearly as careful a rendering as at the first production, and Mr. Plunket Greene invested the title rôle with just as much dignity and passion. The "Lamentations" took exactly seventeen minutes to declaim, and throughout the whole solo Mr. Greene showed no deterioration of voice. The phrase commencing "Where the wicked cease from troubling" was exquisitely sung, and the emphasis and fervour with which Mr. Greene concluded his arduous part made a great effect. Mr. Houghton sang the tenor music carefully, and Mr. Brereton successfully took the part of the Narrator. Master Perrins was the Shepherd Boy; he has a pleasant voice and clear enunciation. Dr. Parry conducted, and the orchestra (save in the case of one accompaniment) was satisfactory. The chorus gave the lengthy music in Scene IV. effectively.

In the afternoon Spohr's "Last Judgment" was given, with soli parts by Madame Albani, Miss Jessie King, Mr. Houghton, and Mr. Plunket Greene.

In the evening, before a large audience, "A German Requiem" (Brahms) was satisfactorily performed. The accompaniment to Madame Albani's solo, "Ye now are Sorrowful," did the utmost credit to Mr. Burnett's players. Mr. Watkin Mills and the chorus were in good form. It was followed by Mendelssohn's symphony-cantata, "Lobgesang," which commenced with the best example of orchestral playing shown up to this time by the band. The duet "I waited for the Lord" did not create quite the

customary effect. Mr. Lloyd joined Madame Albani in the duet "My song shall always be Thy mercy." Mr. Blair conducted carefully, and the chorists came out well, considering their day's work.

The "Messiah" is like one of those lovely windows which adorn our cathedrals: it may be the familiar object of regard, yet it is never wholly explored. Some new beauty which has failed to attract before is revealed each time we hear it. The oratorio, like the window, diffuses sweetness and light, yet it is not transparent; like the window, it is composed of a multitude of exquisite pieces of colouring, subordinated to form the picture it is designed to present. For the performance of Handel's masterpiece on the 15th, the large attendance of 3148 persons was registered. It is unnecessary to particularise the special points in an excellent rendering of the oratorio. Madame Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Jessie King (very successful in the air "O Thou that tellest"), Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Plunket Greene, were the soloists; and the choir and orchestra were thoroughly efficient. In the evening the grand closing service in the choir was made memorable by Mrs. Hutchinson's singing of "Let the bright seraphim."

The remains of Surgeon-Major Parke passed through Dublin on Friday, Sept. 15, on the way from Scotland to the burying-ground of his family at Drumsna, county Roscommon. They were placed upon a gun-carriage and drawn along the quays and through Sackville Street and Frederick Street to the Broadstone Station of the Midland Great Western Railway. The funeral cortège was largely composed of military, most of the regiments at headquarters being represented, and citizens of every rank crowded the streets. The coffin was covered with beautiful wreaths.

A letter has been addressed to the Foreign Office by the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society respecting the number of slaves shipped from Zanzibar during the last fifty years. Official statistics prove that not more than 5 per cent. of slaves shipped from African ports have been captured by her Majesty's cruisers. As 200 slaves were captured in Zanzibari waters during one month in this year, it is safe to estimate that that number represents 4000 slaves shipped, and many of these were, no doubt, destined for the Island of Pemba, which absorbs thousands of slaves in the cultivation of the clove. Others are smuggled into Zanzibar to be let out in large numbers as porters to caravans.

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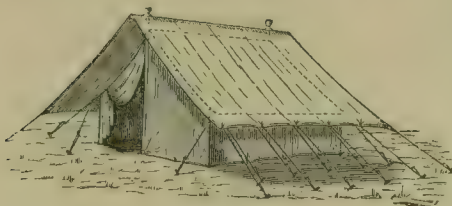
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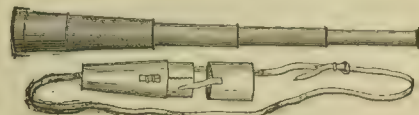


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1893) of the Right Hon. William Robert John De La Poer Horsley Beresford, Baron Decies, late of Bolam, in the county of Northumberland, who died on July 2 last, was proved in the District Registry of York, on Aug. 28, by the Right Hon. William Marcus De La Poer Horsley Beresford, Baron Decies, the son, James Augustus Jobling, and Thomas Edmund Hornby, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £40,000. The testator gives annuities of £300 each to his sons William Walter Horsley Beresford and William Arthur Horsley Beresford; £350 each to his sons John Graham Horsley Beresford and Robert De La Poer Horsley Beresford; £350 to his daughter Catherine Elizabeth Ellen Horsley Beresford; and legacies to his executors. He settles his freehold estate, together with his furniture, pictures, and plate, on his son, the present Baron Decies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Lord Decies. The testator states that his other two daughters were provided for on their marriage.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1891), of Mrs. Emily Dupre, late of Beaumaris House, Surbiton, widow, who died on July 29 last, was proved on Sept. 4 by Francis Baring Dupre, the son, and one of the executors, power being reserved of making a like grant to her two nephews, the Right Hon. Thomas George, Earl of Northbrook, and the Hon. Francis Henry Baring, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £111,000. The testatrix gives £30,000 to her son, Francis Baring Dupre; £15,000 each to her daughters, Ursula Dupre and Madeline Anne Dupre; her furniture, plate, pictures, and personal effects to her said daughters; and a certain sum, conditionally, to the four younger children of her deceased son, James Dupre. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her son Francis and her daughters Ursula and Madeline and the said children of her deceased son James. Under the power of her marriage settlement she appoints the moneys mentioned therein to her children.

The will (dated March 13, 1879) of Mr. Samuel Edmund Phillips, formerly of Victoria Works, Charlton, and late of Castle House, Shooter's Hill, Eltham, telegraph engineer, who died on July 22 last, was proved on Aug. 25 by Mrs. Emily Phillips, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £87,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1881) of Mr. James Brickwell, late of 12, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, who died on June 22, was proved on Sept. 2 by William Henry Hague Broadberry and William Owen Robinson, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of

£40,000. The testator gives a few legacies, and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his executors, upon trust, to apply such sum as they think can be advantageously expended, not less than £400 per annum or more than £600 per annum, for the benefit of his son, James Eaton Brickwell, and to invest the surplus income. On the death of his son, he bequeaths £500 to Reynardson's Almshouses, High Cross, Tottenham, to be invested, and the income applied for the benefit of the inmates; and the ultimate residue of his property to the Society of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men.

The will (dated April 22, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 12 following), of Mr. James Corner, late of 57, Brighton Road, Croydon, who died on July 27, was proved on Aug. 29 by Henry Corner, the brother, Joseph Louis Adolphe Reynard, and Auguste Robert Reynard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Croydon General Hospital; £500 to the Reedham Asylum for Fatherless Children at Coulsdon, Surrey, both free of legacy duty; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brother, Henry Corner.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1890) of Mr. Joseph Breedin, late of Sycamore House, Park Road, Moseley, Birmingham, who died on July 5 last, was proved on Sept. 6 by Joseph Breedin, the son, and Frank Davies, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator gives £250 and the use for life of his house and furniture to his wife, and £50 to his executor Frank Davies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Breedin for life; on her death, £5000 each is to be held on trust for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Ann McNamara and his son George; 600 fully paid up £10 shares of Joseph Breedin and Co., Limited, to his son Joseph, and 500 of such shares to each of his sons, Walter and Frank. The ultimate residue of his property is to be divided between his said three sons—Joseph, Walter, and Frank.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1888), with two codicils (dated Dec. 11, 1889, and Sept. 7, 1892), of Miss Harriet Newland, late of 9, Suffolk Square, Cheltenham, who died on Aug. 3 last, was proved on Sept. 9 by Fanny Emma Ann Tribe and Melvill Green, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testatrix gives £100 each to the National Schools at Broadwater, the Brighton and Sussex Branch of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, and the Cheltenham Blind Asylum; £30 each to the Worthing Infirmary and the Cheltenham Hospital and Dispensary; £50

to the Anti-Vivisection Society; £500 to the Cheltenham Branch of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £4000 to Eleanor Newland; £3000 to Fanny Emma Ann Tribe; £1000 to Horace George Livesay; £500 and an annuity of £300 to her cousin, Frances Ann Mary Grinstead, and other legacies, annuities, and specific bequests to relatives, friends, and servants. She devises the Manor of Broadwater and her house in Suffolk Square to her cousin, Fanny Emma Ann Tribe, and certain lands and farms at Broadwater to Henry Tribe and Horace William Newland. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said cousin, Fanny Emma Ann Tribe.

The will (dated June 14, 1893) of Sir Charles Peter Layard, K.C.M.G., late of 54, Elm Park Road, Chelsea, who died on July 17 last, was proved on Sept. 12 by Miss Mary Charlotte Layard, the daughter, and Robert William Layard Dunlop, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator bequeaths his collection of mineral fossils and shells and objects of natural history to the Imperial Institute; his plate, pictures, and books to his son Charles, and his household furniture and effects to his three unmarried daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 18, 1892) of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., late of the Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, who died on Aug. 12 last, was proved on Sept. 8 by Barbara Jane Hamley, the niece, and Henry Parkman Sturgis, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £6000. Subject to a few bequests, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his said niece absolutely.

Mr. Lawrence Fletcher, of the Anfield Cycle Club, has accomplished a wonderful ride, beating the thousand mile record by over six hours. Starting from Land's End, he attempted to lower the record to John o' Groat's, but had to give up the task on account of the wretched weather and bad roads encountered in Scotland. On reaching Inverness he decided to turn and attack the thousand mile record, covering the distance in 4 days 23 hours 30 min.

Further confirmation of the death of Emin Pasha is afforded by a private letter from a Belgian officer serving in the Congo State. This letter, which is dated Nyangwe, April 12, states that Emin was murdered by Arabs only four days' march from Stanley Falls, and that twenty or thirty tons of ivory which Emin had with him have been scattered among the Manyema. Another officer has found Emin's journal, the last entry in which is dated Dec. 31, 1892, and his botanical collections.

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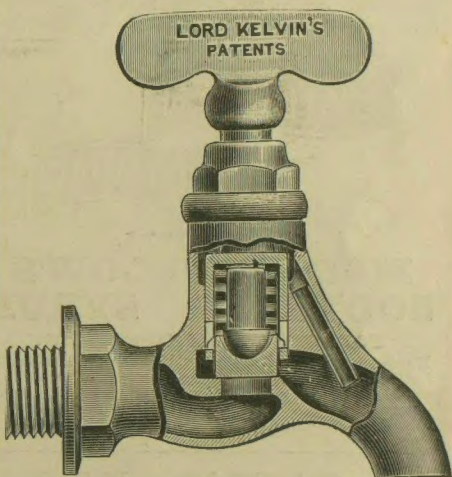
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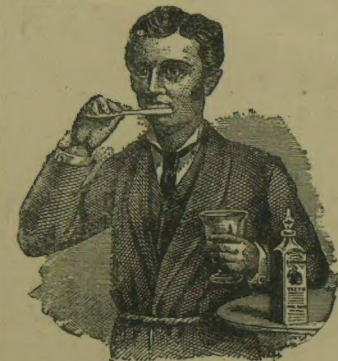
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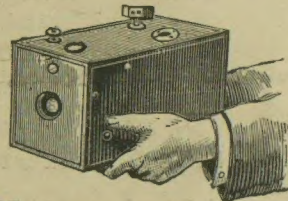
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